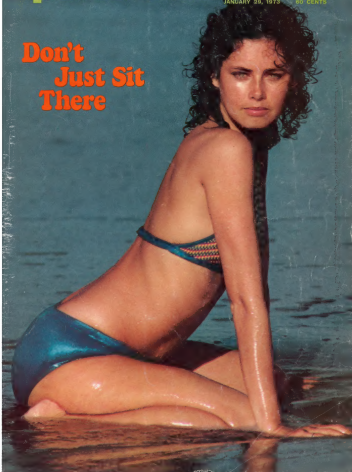


Sports Illustrated

JANUARY 29, 1973

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the car will absolutely understeer. Which means that I don't have to worry about the back end leaving me. Even on wet pavement.

"And because you've got front-wheel drive instead of rear-wheel drive, it would be a lot easier to save in a turn than a normal automobile.

"Another thing that really impresses me is the braking. I had the car going near flat out and when I slammed on the brakes the car hardly pulled at all.

"Again, that's because of the rack-and-pinion steering. But it's also because of the front disc brakes and the radial tires. They shouldn't be allowed to make passenger cars without radials.

"Now, this has nothing to do with

the way the car drives, but another thing I like is in spite of the fact that it's a real workhorse, they put some finesse into it.

"I mean the way it looks. And stuff like the padded steering wheel and the clean, functional dash.

"And the way they use the space in this car is nothing short of incredible. It's huge inside. And it's even huge in the trunk.

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it puts the
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WALKER'S DELUXE

That elegant straight-8

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UCLA LEAVES HOME in quest of one of sport's finest records, San Francisco's 60-game winning streak. Carry Kirkpatrick describes the action and takes a look at the men behind it.

WE WHEELS as a sponsor of racing and race cars, and he deals as one of America's fastest gin rummy addicts. The colorful world of J.C. Agajanian is explored by Kim Chaplin.

IT'S SHOWDOWN TIME in the East as the Knicks and Celtics meet. Can New York stop Boston's fast break? Can Boston break New York's pattern? Peter Carro reports.

THINK THINS

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*According to the latest U.S. Government figures. Filter and Menthol. 16 mg. "tar", 1.1 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report August '72.

SCORECARD

Edited by ROBERT W. CREAMER

BOMBS BURSTING IN AIR

The flap in New York City over whether or not *The Star-Spangled Banner* should be played at a track meet was a tempest in a teapot, but it has excited passion among the lunatic fringe east and west of reason. Opportunists raced to make a law of anthem-playing at sports events, which is nonsense even if routine form for politicians. We are dealing here with a tradition which should remain just that—and nothing more—until people tire of it.

It is reasonable for someone to be simultaneously patriotic and against the incessant playing of the anthem at insignificant events. It is also logical to be anti-anthem on political grounds. But the majority of Americans evidently likes to hear *The Star-Spangled Banner* played, and it is not mandatory for the majority to abandon its preferences because of the feelings of a dissident minority. If an athlete chooses to be so ill-mannered as not to honor the anthem, that is his right, but it does not justify rejection of a tradition favored by most Americans.

Our position on discourtesy is that we are against it. But we would hate to call it a crime.

WASH A LA ROZELLE

Pro football's year of the hash mark is over. Now we can open the envelope and see what really happened after those little white marks—delineating the point where the ball is spotted after it has gone out of bounds or too close to the sideline—were shifted closer to the center of the field.

Rushing yardage went up, as everyone predicted, but only 7.09%. It had gone up 8.89% a year earlier, before the great hash-mark trek. The average yardage gained per rush went up slightly, from 4.0 to 4.1 yards per carry. Passing yardage went down for the third straight season, but the average gain per pass increased, as did the percentage of completed passes.

Thus, even though there was more nattering and less passing, there was greater offensive efficiency, and scoring increased about 4%. This was due in part to an improvement in field-goal kicking, with greater accuracy and a higher number of successful kicks, presumably because of the better angles provided by the new hash marks. But the admittedly dull field goal added only about 3½ points per team for the season, while touchdowns added about nine points. Thus, because the hash marks were moved with an eye to hyping up scoring, they must be considered a success, if a very mild one.

CARRANDRA

Philip K. Wrigley, owner of the Chicago Cubs, said last week that his second-place team lost \$161,336 last year. "When a ball club draws 1,300,000, as the Cubs did, and still loses money, then baseball is in trouble," Wrigley told Ed Munzel of the *Chicago Sun-Times*. "If this continues, you know where we'll be! In the same boat with an open company, which means the only way baseball will survive will be through the aid of public subscriptions—getting outright donations from people."

"Baseball cannot live on gate receipts now. If it were not for radio and TV we would have no chance at all to make it financially. Frankly, if baseball ever loses its contract with the National Broadcasting Company it will be out of business."

Wrigley complained that the overhead in baseball is too high (when he read that Steve Carlton of the Phils had signed for something like \$165,000, he muttered, "Now we'll probably have trouble signing some of our fellows"). He specifically included Commissioner Bowie Kuhn in his criticism.

"He definitely is not very economy-minded," Wrigley said of Kuhn. "I believe he has more than doubled the staff in his office since he became commissioner. There is so much waste anyway

in baseball in the duplication of administration, what with the National League office, the American League office, the Commissioner's office, the minor leagues scattered everywhere, and all keeping separate records. Seven or eight years ago a proposal was made—and all but adopted—to house all the top baseball offices in one building at O'Hare Airport in Chicago. It would expedite everything, eliminate duplication, make the operation more efficient and cut costs tremendously. We even had the land selected. But it all fell through. Somehow we can never seem to agree on anything in baseball, no matter how sound the proposal."

BLACK BARTZ

Sylvia Bartz, a 53-year-old Rahmonah widow, was playing cards with a group of friends when her living room door flew off its hinges. Several members of the city's vice squad poured in and arrested Mrs. Bartz and 13 of her friends for gambling.



In addition to 28 decks of cards the police confiscated \$26.50 currently stashed in a plastic margarine cup. When brought to court Mrs. Bartz claimed the loot was simply money chipped in by her friends for food they were eating at the time of the bust. District Judge Daniel Friedman refused to swallow the food story and fined Mrs. Bartz \$100 plus \$10 court costs for permitting gambling in her home. All the others in the Bartz assemblage, ranging in age from 46 to 67, were placed on probation.

Well, not all. One of the Bartz gam-

continued

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Once you cut the circles of pasta (top picture), seal the edges of a circle, lay filling on the top. Fold over.



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Now wrap the piece of dough around your finger and press ends together, forming a ring of the tortellino.



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blers escaped, sort of. When he collared one of the women, an arresting officer clutched. "Her heart was pounding so much I just had to let her go," he confessed later. Such negligence. She was only 16.

PRACTICE MAKES PERFECT

Chris Taylor, the wrestling heroism from Iowa State who made such an impression while winning the bronze medal at the Olympics, is creating some problems in collegiate wrestling. Iowa State Coach Harold Nichols explains, "Everywhere we go, Chris is the big attraction. At Wisconsin we had 3,600 spectators, and I understand they usually draw in the hundreds. Taylor can pin most of his opponents just about any time he wishes. But if he walks out, picks up his opponent and slams him down in 20 seconds, the fans go home grumbling. So I tell Chris to practice some of his holds during a match and wait before putting on the clincher."

Detailing, the 410-pound Taylor took three minutes and 45 seconds at Wisconsin to put away Glenn Vnisker, a wispy 245-pounder, and when Iowa State met Iowa for the first wrestling match between the schools in 34 years he spent five minutes and 48 seconds defeating 230-pound Jim Washek. The 10,388 fans gave him a rousing ovation.

"That was one of the biggest crowds ever to see a collegiate wrestling meet," says Nichols. "I knew if Chris went out and finished Washek in the first period there would be a lot of disenfranchised fans. So he tried out some holds and carried the match into the third period."

The crowd's reaction pleased Taylor, who doubts that he will try for a gold in the 1976 Olympics. "Verne Gagne, the pro wrestling promoter, has been waving \$60,000 and \$70,000 offers under my nose," he says. "With that kind of money possible, I don't think I can afford to vauy poor to compete in an Olympics that is more than three years away."

THE WHOLE THING

The Soviet Union's national hockey team, which knocked off American teams one after the other during its recent tour of the U.S., averted those who came in close contact with it—and not just for the strength and precision with which the Russians played.

"The one thing they can do as well as they play hockey is eat," said Mike

Radakovich, the U.S. official who escorted the Russians on their tour. A typical lunch for 20 people, this one ordered in San Diego, consisted of three huge trays of oranges, apples, bananas, strawberries, grapes and other fruit; three more trays of cucumbers, tomatoes, radishes, olives, pickles and other vegetables; tomato soup, flitn mignon, potatoes, onion rings, bread, honey and ice cream. A bottle of catsup was provided for every two players. Each had a pitcher of orange juice, milk or tea, as well as a quart bottle of Coca-Cola, which the players apparently love.

"They eat five hours before a game," Radakovich reported, "and they polish off everything."

A MATTER OF METERS

The Marin Golf Club near San Francisco, looking ahead to the metric age, is installing supplemental markers on each tee to show the distance to the green in meters. "When the U.S. finally converts to meters," says pro Wayne Walkick, "we plan to delete the yardage figures."

That's all very well, but Walkick and the Marin Club should not sit back thinking the job is done. There are other conversion problems to be solved. After all, saying "I have trouble with 1.22-meter putts" does not have quite the ring of "I still can't sink those damned four-footers."

QUICK THINK

Tennis star Tom Gorman had Stan Smith at match point in the fourth set of a semi-final match in a recent pro tournament in Barcelona when he suddenly walked to the sidelines, announced he was forfeiting the match, put on his jacket and left the court. Gorman's behavior, while startling, was neither capricious nor rude. He had injured his back earlier in the set and had continued only because he thought it would look better if he held off quitting until Smith had tied the match at two sets apiece. But now that he had Smith within a point of defeat, Gorman realized it was too late for a graceful departure. He knew his bad back would tighten up overnight, making it impossible for him to play in the final the next day. If he defeated Smith and then withdrew from the tournament, the Nastase, the other finalist, would win by default and the tournament would end on an empty note. So he de-

faulted, and the next day Smith and Nastase went five vigorous sets before Nastase won, which entertained the crowd and pleased the tournament committee.

Gorman, who has a history of sportsmanlike goings, stood to lose \$5,000 in second-place prize money for his action. Happily, the committee discovered why he had done it and, in appreciation, voted to give him \$2,500 anyway.

THIS WAY TO THE 3-3 POCKET

That old bowling hassle over doctoring alleys has erupted again. Recently the American Bowling Congress refused to sanction the highest five-man-team score of the season, the highest four-man score, a number of individual scores of 300, 288 and 299 and more than 50 individual series of 700 or better.

"Call it a crackdown if you will," said Al Matzeile, executive secretary of the ABC. "The action reflects our concern that a few people, guilty of cutting corners, are making a mockery of the sport." What bothered Matzeile and the ABC was the widespread practice of dressing lanes in such a way that balls were more or less guided into the strike pocket.

"Unrealistic scoring takes the fun and challenge out of the game," Matzeile said. "It brings about averages that are impossible to maintain under neutral conditions. It creates bickering, animosity and disgust."

"All we are trying to do," he said, "is restore the neutral condition of all lanes, which has been a foundation of the game since the ABC came into existence in 1895."

THEY SAID IT

- Ken Holtzman, Oakland Athletic pitcher, on what the designated-pitcher rule means to him: "I'm facing the realization I may never come to bat again in the major leagues."
- Darrell Royal, University of Texas coach, complaining about the NCAA's decision to reduce the number of football scholarships to 30 a year: "If they want to equalize things, why not let a touchdown count four points if you're ahead and eight if you're behind."
- Wilb Chamberlains, asked if he minded not being selected in *Playboy* magazine's list of the 10 sexiest men in sports: "No one thinks a 7-footer is sexy. Fortunately, a few girls I know do. I think guys pick those lists."

END

MEET THE NEW CHAMP!

George Foreman, big and confident, surprised everybody but himself by taking the world title from Joe Frazier. What next? At least three good challengers—the heavyweight division lives again! **by EDWIN SHRAKE**



If you listened closely around George Foreman's hotel in Kingston, Jamaica before last Monday night you would have sensed that something powerful and vaguely eerie was in the air, something other than the everyday tropical musk. It was a feeling that was spoken of by Foreman's more intimate associates, and the feeling had to do with something Foreman understood about how to fight Joe Frazier and how that knowledge was going to rearrange heavyweight boxing for the next few years. But only Foreman really believed he would win. Foreman and his inner circle, of course.

Dick Sadler, Sandy Sadler and Archie Moore, they all claimed to know the secret but they refused to speak further. "If our walls had ears, everybody would know," said Sandy, the former featherweight champion who works in Foreman's corner. Moore, the ex-light-heavyweight champion, smiled glibly and said, "Indeed you will perceive a remarkable thing, but it is not for me to divulge." Foreman's manager, Dick Sadler, said the knowledge was strong and definite. Another in the entourage said Frazier would fall like a coconut within six rounds.

On the other side of a red board fence, at the hotel where the Frazier crowd, a large number of Muhammad Ali people and most of the Big Fight regulars were staying, it was being said that what was in the air next door was the smell of a loser closing out at 2 to 5. Bandini Brown, one of Ali's trainers, visited the Foreman lobby one afternoon and listened. "Do all you guys in this camp carry on like this?" Bandini asked. "Lord, maybe you need me to stay around and help you with the stretcher."

"George sure hits hard," Bandini admitted after watching Foreman slam punches into the heavy bag. "He could have a chance if he sticks his tongue in the side of his mouth and act like a nut, if he howl and scream like a wild man and just hit Frazier all over, on the top of his head, on his ear, on his elbow, until real soon it get through."

That was not exactly the secret, but it was close enough to what happened. Except that Foreman did not need to act crazed.

In the week before the fight Foreman had become a favorite of the Kingston crowds, and they filled the outdoor stadium on a warm night to get a look at

him against the man who beat Ali. They had to look fast. Only moments after the gloves were properly laced up and gloves exchanged while Referee Arthur Mercante gave instructions, Frazier was in a most unaccustomed situation. He was out of range, unable to move in close to Foreman, who had a five-inch advantage in reach. But it was not because Foreman was slipping away. It was because Frazier was being handled as he has not been since he was a child.

With his long arms and exceptional strength, Foreman would reach out and push Frazier away, refusing to let him inside, keeping him relatively immobile. And then the punches really started coming, landing on Frazier's supposedly elusive head with hardly more opposition than one would expect from the big bag.

Foreman's left jab has been compared to that of Sonny Liston or Joe Louis. Not even Frazier supporters denied that Foreman could hit hard, but it was never widely appreciated just how hard until Frazier began to wobble. A left dangled Frazier in the middle of the first round, then a right put him down again. A right did it once more at the bell. Frazier's manager, Yank Durham, had to lift his man onto the stool.

In the second round Frazier went down three more times and the last punch, a tremendous right uppercut, sent him into the air and bouncing to the floor. Looking strangely small and unmenacing, Frazier was thrown, wrapped in the arms of Mesarme. "I should have stayed down low and gone in close underneath, but I was too ballheaded," Frazier said. "I underestimated him altogether."

The Ali people would seem to have even more reason to be concerned about the result than the Frazier crowd. An organization will be set up around Foreman that will use the championship as the key to the bank vault, as Ali and Frazier used it before him. Although the Foreman-Frazier fight contract is on public file and does not call for a return match, Frazier probably will be in the ring with Foreman again before Ali's turn comes.

But first the Foreman-Frazier rematch must be pumped up into one of those enormous bonuses such as the first Ali-Frazier fight was and the second would have been. Meanwhile Foreman will be picking up checks against the likes of

Jimmy Ellis, Jerry Quarry, Oscar Bonavena and possibly Ron Lyle. Then it would be Frazier again, and, finally, in a couple of years, Ali. By that time Ali will be 33 and will have lost the edge he once might have had over Foreman's blows.

"You don't need experience to fight a guy like Frazier," Joe Louis said of the new champion's mere four years as a professional. "Frazier's right there in front of you all the time. But it can take experience to find a guy like Clay and lay a punch on him. I'm impressed with Foreman. He's young, he's big, he's powerful and he hits a lot harder than Clay does."

Some think it would be easier to sell a Foreman-Ali match as the next Fight of the Century than to peddle a Frazier return. Ali would assume the classic role of boxer to Foreman's puncher. And ending an ill-fated career by dousing Ali would satisfy Foreman's immediate ambitions—to be champion, make a pile of money and quit the ring early. He turned 26 two weeks before the Frazier fight and wants to retire from boxing by the age of 27, when he says a man begins to look silly running down a road.

Other than Frazier and Ali, the toughest challenger at the moment may be Lyle, whom Frazier describes as being "poured out of concrete." Lyle is said to be the kind of fighter a champion would be wise to avoid. Foreman's handlers avoided Ellis, Quarry, Bonavena, Ali and others on the way to Jamaica. Among fighters of middling stature, Foreman fought only Gregorio Penilla and George Chuvalo.

Such minor opponents are what gave rise to the reservations about Foreman's record. The 34 knockouts in 33 fights were considered deceptive. "They all look the same to me. They wind up flat on their backs," Foreman said.

What the Foreman inner circle had realized all along was that Frazier would be more than willing to punch with Foreman, and nobody can do that. "I told George just to think of Frazier as some old boy he beat in Mexico City," said Dick Sadler later. "Just pop him with two left jabs, a left hook and a short right, and keep it up. Frazier leads with his head." Frazier's head might not look the same again, but then neither will the heavyweight division. It has come vibrantly alive again.

FIRST A MESSAGE, THEN A MESSAGE

Rod Laver got one and Dick Stockton the other as the WCT started a four-month tour that will reach the world's capitals and crevices. While the Aussies were in Miami, reports from Wales were foggy **by JOE JARES**

As if the blasted sports world were not confusing enough already, what with male and female golf tours, bowling tours and tennis tours—was it Billie Jean Whitworth who bowled that perfect game in San Jose, or Slammm! Sammy Petrignia? the men's racket squad has now doubled its size and split in two. Yes, World Championships of Tennis, the international circuit run by Tennis Australia's Lamar Hunt, is now twins, cleverly named Group A and Group B. Each is headed by a slight Australian, A by Rod Laver B by Ken Rosewall. At this time it is not known which group has fewer cavities, but A definitely has fewer Carchelonianus.

Group A made its debut last week in the \$50,000 Suga Bay Tennis Classic on the asphalt courts of the University of Miami, a five-day fling that had all sorts of pleasant diversions. Cliff Ritchey and Nikki Pilic were on hand to fuss and fume at officials, always a jolly sight. Aussie vaudeville star John Alexander showed off a few clown routines, including one in which he chased an angled shot, landed in a pretty girl's lap and then called for his opponent to hit it there again. For those who did not care for sideshows, Wimbledon champion and Davis Cup hero Stan Smith, known as Goddilla to some, Mr. Clean to others, was there for his first taste of WCT combat. And the 34-year-old master, Laver, was returning after a more than three-month layoff forced by an aching back.

The rest apparently did Laver some good because he got to the finals as expected this time, where his opponent was not second-seeded Smith or third-seeded Cliff Drysdale or any of the 12 seeds. Instead it was 21-year-old Dick Stockton, who just last June was graduated *somewhere* on tour in tennis from Tenix University in Texas. He was the 1972 NCAA champion, which does not exactly compare in the credentials department

with Laver's two Grand Slams. Stockton played well in the finals, and even took Rocket to a tiebreaker in the first set, but his elder had too many tricks, too much experience, and won in straight sets 7-6, 6-3, 7-5.

Laver collected \$10,000 for winning the singles and later in the day he picked up \$900 as his share of the doubles first prize. Since he had already won \$1,500 in a pro-am earlier in the week he left Florida with \$12,400 and high hopes that his back would hold up under the grind. All this, said a press-box wit, and he didn't even have to tip a caddy.

This new twin-tour idea was made possible when WCT and the International Lawn Tennis Federation signed a truce last year. WCT had an international parcel of 29 sponsors; many rate the world's players—Laver, Rosewall, John Newcombe of Australia and Smith finishing in that order at the top—right down to No. 125, Paul Gerken. WCT invited the top 64 and a few substitutes to compete and most accepted. WCT then filled the berths by going down the list in order. A fellow named Stockton was ranked 65th, No. 3 Newcombe and No. 9 the Nastase of Rumania were the more important declines.

Dividing the 64 players into two nearly equal groups, a task demanding the skills of a diplomat, travel agent and juggler, was the headache of Welshman Mike Davies, WCT executive director. Every day for six weeks he fiddled with the lists, feeling like a little boy preparing the rosters for a dice-baschall league—tossing with the fates of Babe Ruth and Willie Mays on his kitchen table. There could be no divorces among such successful, longtime doubles teams as Okker-Kriessan and Laver-Frenson. Group A was going to South Africa, so Arthur Ashe, a black, would no doubt prefer to be in B, away from apartheid, but that meant he would not be playing in his hometown, Richmond, Va. Ray

Moore of South Africa normally would have been put in A, but he wanted to be with B's free-spirited contingent, Jeff Borosnak, Haroon Rahim and Torben Ulrich. And so on, a thousand combinations swirling in Davies' mind.

He finally settled on two lists, heaved a sigh of relief and almost immediately had to begin shuffling again. Joaquin Loyo-Mayo of Mexico, no bigger than a chihuahua and apparently just as flighty, dropped out to work for a cigarette company. Alexander Metreveli of the U.S.S.R. joined up and had to be put in B because his country does not truck with South Africa, which led to Frank Froehling being transferred to A, which led to Charlie Pasarell being unhappy in B because Froehling had been his doubles partner, all of which made Davies wake up screaming in the night.

Well, Loyo-Mayo gave up tobacco and came back. Davies managed to reunite Pasarell and Froehling in A, and after a few million other adjustments WCT-73 was ready to send its merry, befuddled way. Each group will play 11 tournaments, A starting in the U.S. and Canada and then going abroad, B doing the reverse. Six of the 22 finals will be televised live by NBC. The top finishers in singles and doubles at each event will be awarded money, of course, and points. The four doubles teams from each group with the most points will compete in Montreal May 3-May 6 for \$80,000 in prize money, the most by far ever offered for doubles. A week later in Dallas the eight leading singles players—again, four from each group—will be clawing each other for shares of \$100,000.

Otherwise the team shall meet only twice during the season, at two all-star events, the Acra World Cup in Hartford, Conn., and the CBS Tennis Classic in Hilton Head, S.C., both in March, with neither counting in the point derby.

A continuing annoyance to WCT staff members has been their inability to dream up jazzy names for their two circuits. A and B are not only dull but also imply there is a difference in quality. The traditional National-American designation is inappropriate since 19 countries are represented in the two troupes and nine countries will host tournaments. Blacks-Whites might cause

continued

Dick Stockton made a fair move from 45th in the early rankings to No. 3 last week.



some nervousness in Johannesburg and, besides, any pair of colors could confuse fans because of the post-rainbow wardrobe, *e.g.*, mid-haired Laver of the Blues playing in yellow. In Miami the press-box and locker-room habibans also came up with: Laver-Roosevelt, Globetrotters-Nomads, World-Global, East-West, Faults-Double Faults, Forchards-Backhands, Aces-Slams, Aces-Deuces, Ad-In-Ad Out and Ad Infinitum-Ad Nascitur. None of them quite struck the desired note.

So let's have a contest. Any reader who comes up with a pair of names that wow the judges and are accepted by WCT will receive a snip from Stan Smith's mustache and a portfolio of photographs, *Cliff Richey's Greatest Games*.

For Laver the A-B business was probably less important than another innovation, the hiring of two traveling trainers, one for the U.S. and one for abroad, a move he has been suggesting for two years. After each match last week La-

ver put the trainer to good use. The mid-head would wig his hair, then have his still-weak back massaged. Wednesday night he and Ray Emerson gave Stockton and 20-year-old Brian Gottfried a lesson in how to play doubles, but afterward the two kids were showered and dressed while Laver and Emmo were still being strung back together in the training room.

Laver reached the final by beating Edson Mardarino of Brazil, Nikki Pilic of Yugoslavia, fellow Aussie Emerson and Bob Lutz of the U.S., but it was not exactly a pleasant stroll through Sydney. He was inconsistent, or "screechy," as he put it, yet he seemed able to turn on the steam and let loose the shots when he needed to. He was forced into three tiebreakers along the way and won all. He played Pilic at night on a dark court but he won in straight sets. Emerson routed him 6-1 in their first set and had him down 6-5 in the third, but Rod in one stroke won nine straight

points and took it 7-6. Against Lutz he pazed himself through the end of the second set when he saw he had little chance to catch up, but had plenty of tricks and energy left to win the third 6-2.

Stockton's climb was smoother. He has an edge over most of the other rookies because he played five tournaments on the 1972 WCT tour, twice performing well against Newcombe. In Miami he started off by upsetting Charlie Pasarell and then beat Owe Bengtson of Sweden. He missed facing third-seeded Cliff Drysdale of South Africa in the third round when Drysdale was eliminated by the fix. Stockton went on to walkoff Jim McManus, 10 years his senior, and then challenge Alexander.

The handsome Alexander, also 21, had bashed Smith the night before 6-4, 6-2 with strong serves and strong returns of serve, but he had to stick around and play a rain-postponed doubles match that did not end until two a.m. He was not in rare form the next day under a hot sun, but Stockton was. He served beautifully, blasting cross-court winners at 140 mph and probably played his finest match, winning 6-3, 6-2. He joyfully leaped the net for the handshake, not for the moment considering that he, lowly No. 65, would be playing No. 1 the next day.

Despite the surprising showing by Stockton and the sharpness in times of Lutz, no one at this early stage was discounting Smith's chances of ending up as the top American in Group A, or even the top player period. He seemed to accept all the minor and major setbacks of the week with his usual calm. On the first day he arrived without his shoes and had to borrow a pair from Bengtson, who at 6' 5" is one of the few tennis tourists taller than Stan and with feet to match. Smith was fortunate that 5' 6", 130-pound Harold Solomon, his Davis Cup teammate, wasn't the only guy around. On the second day Smith and doubles partner Lutz were socked with small fines for wearing different-colored shirts in a match.

Even the lopsided loss to Alexander did not cause Smith much distress. He remembered that he had been smashed by hard-serving Vladimir Zednik in his first tournament last year.

"It's a matter of timing, moving, positioning," he said. "I'm not doing any of that well yet. I expected to start slowly. There's a long way to go—for us all."

Laver, left, played the Atlanta '76 and Los Angeles, October 1976, a 312-020 win against



MEANWHILE, AT THE DEESIDE LEISURE CENTRE

by CLIVE GAMMON

Mor'n beary earl'y tents you yag Nio-gledd Cymru," Mr. Gordon Griffiths from the Isle of Anglesey announced expansively at the start of the matches at Deeside Leisure Centre. For the benefit of any illiterate Sacs—that is, Englishmen—who happened to be around, he added, "It's great to have this class of tennis here in North Wales." Outside the center what the Liverpool *Daily Post* reckoned as the worst fog to hit Britain for almost a decade was being rapidly dispersed by a determined-looking blizzard and agonized messages kept pouring in. Please stop there parking on the hockey pitch; it's beginning to flood. We must have printed too many tickets for section 10; can they sit in the aisles? But Mr. Griffiths' euphoria, and the euphoria of every Welshman at Deeside, remained undiminished. Two years of plotting and planning had come to fruition: World Championship of Tennis was holding its first European tournament of the season right there in the tiny Welsh county of Flintshire.

Well, the first part of it, anyway. The fancy second part and the finals would be in London. But Ken Rosewall, Arthur Ashe, Fred Stolle and company would fight out the preliminary rounds at a sports center built by the Havarden Rural District Council to serve an area of 50 square miles and a population of 40,000. At Deeside last week the quickest way to instant unpopularity was by unguardedly referring to the venue as Chester. Certainly the players, the press and officials from the sponsors, Rothmans, the tobacco company, were all based in the English city on the wrong side of the River Dee, with its Roman wall built to keep the cattle-raiding Welsh from the lush plains of Cheshire. But just a mile or so through Chester's suburbs you come on a sign—"Cymru'r Cymru!" it says, "Welcome to Wales." It is Wales right enough, and within 10 miles of Chester you can hear the old language spoken in the streets.

Understandably this was all a little be-



In the fog Bob Carmichael and Mark Cox found each other, had to search for a tennis court.

wildering for WCT players who are perhaps more used to playing in Dallas, Rome and London. Arthur Ashe, though, had at least heard of Wales. "What I was really hoping to do up here," he said, "was go down a coal mine. Isn't Wales all coal mines?" It would probably be sound policy for the Welsh tourist board to buy up and destroy all available prints of *Now Green Was My Valley*. Meanwhile Ashe, Marty Riessen and Tom Okker had to settle for a stroll along the road, where the shops are perched high over the traffic and you walk along an open gallery at first-floor height. "I'm going antique crazy," said Ashe, forgetting the coal mines for a moment and diving into a shop that sold Georgian silver, grandfather clocks and what could have been Happlewhite chairs.

Back at the Leisure Centre preparations were going ahead for the first day's play, supervised by Mike Evans, a 36-year-old Welshman from Cardiff who came to Deeside two years ago, an ex-pro tennis coach who from the very start worked toward getting Rothmans and WCT to North Wales. At Hoylake he had met Geoff Rust of Rothmans and forcefully put his case based on the great popularity of tennis in the area (Hoylake, just over the border in Cheshire, runs its tennis right after Wimbledon). "It was a hell of a risk for them to come outside London," Evans says, "and they were pretty skeptical at first, but I sold £1,000 worth of tickets before any publicity went out at all."

There was no need at all for Evans to be ashamed of his Leisure Centre. Eventually there will be four floodlit tennis

courts, four squash courts, an ice rink, a solarium and a banquet hall, which only goes to show how cattle raiders can change their life-style. Last week's tournament was played on a new Supreme-Court surface. All the facilities were fine, said a somewhat surprised Marty Riessen. The players had been worried about traveling into the Welsh wilderness but the lighting and the court turned out to be first class.

There was an endearing amateurishness about other facilities, though. "I've lost me teapot," screamed a local lady who had been hurriedly drafted to man the cafeteria. When asked for a cup of tea she said, "No matches, tea. You'll have to wait till the bar opens."

Most of the fans were a little bewildered at first, clapping at every rally, laughing nervously at mild shows of temper from the stars like hosts who are embarrassed by the behavior of their guests but who aren't going to show it. And they were a lot less partisan than a Wimbledon crowd, even when British players like Roger Taylor and Graham Sewell were eliminated.

The crowd thinned out a bit on Saturday, the last day of the semi-tournament. After all, the England-Wales rugby match was on television that afternoon and in Wales first things must come first. By urgent popular demand a color relay was installed in the lounge high above the court so that everyone could watch the ritual clobbering of England (25-9, it was this time). Below and unregarded, Mark Cox was achieving the only significant English victory of the day by beating Vladimir Zedek of Czechoslovakia. **END**

BABY, IT'S COLD INSIDE

But not outdoors in L.A., where the hedonistic Kings sun and surf. The trouble is, they freeze on the road

by MARK MULVOY

OUT one window Santa Catalina, the Island of Renaissance, was clearly visible in the blue Pacific, and out the other Terry Harper could see Little Leaguers practicing to become DPHs, housewives and newswomen trying to imitate Billie Jean King and a collection of bleached beach bums playing basketball with a volleyball. For Harper, the view from his ocean-side bungalow in Manhattan Beach, Calif. is a thousand sights better than the tons of snow that surrounded him during the 10 years he played and lived in Montreal; nevertheless, he has a mild complaint. "How," Harper asks, "do you get yourself in the mood to play hockey when you can spend the afternoon romping around the beach? It doesn't make much sense."

In a valiant attempt to obliterate the pleasures of a rare snowless afternoon from his mind and, instead, psych himself up for the game the Los Angeles Kings would play against the New York Rangers last Wednesday night, Harper collected a few logs and started a crackling blaze in his fireplace. "There is cold around here," he said to his wife Gladys, who nodded in agreement.

Cold? It was 68°. But the fire soon flamed out, and then Harper got up, put on his bathing suit, strolled down to the beach and did his psyching dur-

ing a long, barefoot walk along the shore.

Before Coach Bob Pufford took over this year, flexing a whip, and Harper showed up with some Canadian charisma, the Kings generally spent more time at the beach and on the golf course than they did on the ice, and they gaudily managed to miss the Stanley Cup playoffs the last three seasons. The Kings were probably driven to the surf by the terrible trades concocted by Owner Jack Kent Cooke and General Manager Larry Regan, not to mention the turnstile arrival and departure of King coaches. Besides disposing of such dependable players as Bill White and Dale Rolfe, Cooke and Regan also contrived to trade away every No. 1 draft pick the Kings have had in the last five years.

Last summer, though, Cooke and Regan finally made a couple of shrewd moves. They persuaded Pufford, the former Toronto forward who played out the last two years of his career with the Kings, to become coach, and lured the 33-year-old Harper west. And now the team seems headed for the playoffs in the madcap West Division. After letting the Rangers escape with a 4-3 tie and then splitting with Vancouver and Toronto last week, the Kings had a firm hold on fourth place. Better yet, the NHL schedule now turns in their favor.

"We'll be all right, because starting in February we play 18 of our last 25 games in California, and we're a warm-weather club," says Ralph Backstrom, another former Canadian, who already has scored 18 goals for the Kings. Indeed, the Kings have lost only four of 21 games at home. But they have squandered 17 of 25 in colder climates. "We travel more than 80,000 miles this season, at least twice the distance of the teams on the other side of the Rockies, and it gets to you," says Harry Howell, still another veteran who is finishing his career in Los Angeles. "It's so cold back East we never leave the house."

To prepare for his coaching duties, Pufford spent 10 days last summer with George Allen at the Washington Redskins training camp in Carlisle, Pa. "George taught me that you don't go anywhere by the seat of your pants," Pufford says. "I learned that a little positive psychology will go a long way. After all, what's so wrong with saying that you've got the 10th best something-or-other—even though it may also be the sixth worst?"

Like Allen, Pufford concentrates on every little thing. He is the only coach in the NHL who takes a clipboard onto the ice for practice sessions. "When I was with Montreal and we played the





Brushing a hip stick, King Wing Serge Benoit flies toward the New York Ranger net.

because if the Canadiens did not send me where I wanted to go I was planning to jump to the WHA," Harper told Pollock the Kings were "too bad a team" and that he was not interested in talking to Cooke. Then Cooke called Harper and invited him to Los Angeles.

"I went," Harper says, "and by the time Cooke finished talking and I finished listening I was sold completely." Once the season began, though, the Kings lost six of their first seven games and Harper asked himself, "What have I done to deserve this?" But then the Kings set off on a winning streak, moving temporarily into first place in the West—and Harper has had no doubts since.

Like Howell, Backstrom and Polford, Harper has had difficulty adjusting to the California lifestyle. "My clothing bills are way down because the kids wear sneakers, jeans, T-shirts and no socks everywhere they go, including school," Harper says. "But it's such an undisciplined life for the kids. Jeffrey, who is seven, was one step from being a devil back in Montreal but now he complains that his teachers aren't strict enough with him." Jeffrey plays hockey a few days a week at the rink in Culver City where the Kings normally practice, but he and his older brother Greg,

11, have discovered there are other sports—like swimming, surfing, basketball, tennis and volleyball, Harper has, too. "See those courts over there," he said last week, pointing to an area about 100 yards from his rented bungalow. "Gladys and I play tennis several times a week. In Montreal I used to ski up in the Laurentians, on my off-days only." Gladys laughed. "And you weren't supposed to do that, either, because it was against club rules."

Harper suspects that only his immediate neighbors know who he is and who the Los Angeles Kings are. "It's so different, especially after playing in Montreal," he said. "We can go to a restaurant out here and dine in peace. In Montreal you didn't bother to go out very often, because it was a hassle."

"Oh, you've had the glory already, don't worry about it," Gladys said. "I feel sorry for the young kids on the Kings, though. It must be tough on them. They are something big back home, but out here nobody knows them. They have never had the glory." Maybe not, but if the Kings do make the playoffs Los Angeles hockey could develop the snob appeal it has never had, even though the Kings are averaging almost 10,000 fans a game. "What we need," Harper says, "is a great playoff series against one of the old teams. Then everyone out here would know what hockey is all about."

040

Kings it usually was a pretty wide-open game because they weren't very well organized," Harper says. "Pulford has put in a system that emphasizes back-checking by the forwards, and if you don't play his way, then you don't play."

For Harper, who was on five Stanley Cup championship teams during his decade as a defenseman-bouncer for the Canadiens, it has been an unexpectedly satisfying season. For one thing, he was voted to the All-Star team for the first time in his career. More important, his experience has helped the younger Los Angeles defensemen, particularly Gilles Marotte, eliminate mistakes that used to result in goals for the opposition. Marotte has played so well that he also was voted to the All-Star team. "Someone like Harper can help turn your whole club around," Pulford says.

Nevertheless, Harper was hardly thrilled last summer when Sammy Pollock, general manager of the Canadiens, called and asked if he would talk to Cooke on the phone. "I wasn't happy in Montreal and I wanted to get away," Harper says, "but I didn't want to get 3,000 miles away. I was in a position where I could call my own shots, too,

My Defenseman Terry Harper enjoys a dip at



BUZZING



TO GLORY

What were the tiny flying tiger (above) and the little bitty bomb doing? They were merely stealing the show at The Great Miami Air Race—and proving that it is always nicer to win one for the nippers by **HON FINNITE**

How perversely appropriate that an event so burdened with hyperbole as "The Great Miami Air Race"—sponsored in part by the "Greater Miami Chamber of Commerce" and "Great Miami Air Race, Inc."—should result in a personal triumph for two little old gentlemen in old little airplanes.

Air Race? Great? Words from another time. Nothing much is "great" anymore: "super" perhaps, but almost never "great." And isn't air racing something Richard Arlen used to do? Or was it Rich and Dick? Goggles and wind-whipped silk scarves. Or spattering back into an open cockpit. A tailspin. "The stick, the stick—pull the stick!" "You can't send a mere boy up in a state like that!"

Ah, but Miami is a community not easily cowed by a common anachronism. Lord knows, it harbors its share of old-timers. And few can fault it for paying homage to the air industry, which for the better part of four decades has been dutifully ferrying all those numberless senior citizens south for the winter.

Still, despite modern hoopla during the week, The Great Miami Air Race seemed pleasantly antique. The competing airplanes—~~amplifiers~~—were propeller-propelled, jet being too big, too fast, too hard for the spectators to watch and far too expensive for the amateurs who compete in such races to buy. Watching those marvelously maneuverable biplanes, midgets and World War II fighters and trainers in flight was a bit like watching a pole vault with bamboo poles—the men, not the equipment, was the thing. The pilots themselves were mostly of middle age, men who as boys looked upon flying as an adventure, not a technical exercise, and the planes they flew last weekend were the stuff of which boyhood dreams were made. It was a halfhearted flight into fantasy, and when a gargantuan National Airlines 747 was flown low over the runway of the New Tammami Airport to show the time-trav-

elers what giant steps forward we have made, it seemed less a mark of progress than a melancholy reminder of how gross we have become.

There are not many air races these days—four, maybe five, a year. This was the first held in Miami since 1950 and the first "international" race in the U.S. in 36 years. Actually, it was international in name only, for though they were invited no foreign flyers appeared and only one foreign-made plane was flown. The Great Miami Air Race was as American as Amelia Earhart.

The competition was divided into four classes: the Unlimited for modified old fighter planes, the AT-6 for vintage military trainers, the Biplane and the so-called "Formula I" for tiny planes built to racing specifications. These last, mere toys that looked in the air as if wires should be attached to them, quickly captivated the 70,000 or so spectators who turned out for the weeklong show. In these, pilot and plane are virtually as one, for the machine is not that much larger than the man.

A Formula I plane weighs barely more than 500 pounds, is about 18 feet long and has a wingspan of around 15 feet. They are powered by 300-horsepower engines and, astonishingly, can reach speeds of 230 mph or more in a straightaway. Formula I planes can be torn apart by strong winds and even menaced by large birds. Since they carry only five to 10 gallons of gasoline and consume about one gallon for every nine miles, they can neither be flown too far nor too high.

Their pilots tend to be quirky individualists who fawn like antique-car owners over their aircraft. They wear costumes, good-luck charms and call their planes by names—such as NORBITTING and Therapy. Most of the men are over 40 and should know better than to risk their necks in it, well, crates like these.

Probably the finest Formula I pilots

are both older and presumably (though not necessarily) wiser than their comrades in flight. Bob Downey, a Whittier, Calif. paint manufacturer, and Bill Falck, a retired airport operator from Warwick, N.Y., are in their late 50s, have been flying for more than 40 years each and both operate planes that are about half their age. Last year they dominated Formula I racing, winning three of the four major events. Downey was the year's top point-winner and Falck had the fastest winning time—227.2 mph.

Downey flies a plane, *Old Tiger*, that is considered underdog even by the standards of this aeronautical Lilliput. *Old Tiger* weighs 335 pounds—only 375 more than the pilot—is but 17.2 feet long and has a wingspan of 14.1 feet. The cockpit is so cramped that Downey cannot wear ordinary flying headgear. Instead, and appropriately enough, he wears a Little League batting helmet. But he has flown this pint-sized plane at a top speed of 270 mph.

Still, *Old Tiger* is not as swift as Falck's *Riviera*—which is named not for the obvious reasons but after the comic-strip dog. In a trial heat last week Falck tied his own Formula I world record with a 232.2-mph lap. *Riviera* is a hundred pounds heavier than *Old Tiger* and is 17.9 feet in both length and wingspan. Because of his plane's comparative bulk, Falck is generally a slow starter who then pulls out of the pack and treats spectators to a Garrison finish. Downey is quick on the takeoff and nimble on the turns. He forces a race; Falck wants to make his move.

The Falck-Downey-*Riviera*-*Old Tiger*-duel was a natural crowd-pleaser, and the pilots did not fail their audience. Their several races were the most thrilling of the week.

Little planes are more fun to watch, if only because they are so much easier to watch. In Miami they flew on a short, three-mile course and were always vis-

ible. The Unlimited planes require an eight-mile course that puts them virtually out of sight—and occasionally out of mind—for much of the time.

In both the Friday and Saturday trials, Downey and Falck flew true to form. The red and white Tiger took early leads and, flying low—little more than 50 feet off the ground—clung close to the pylons. While Downey took the low road, Falck took the high, wide one. Winging last at the start of both races, he twice caught and passed Downey from above in the closing laps. Their times were nearly identical. In the six-lap Friday race, Falck averaged 219.9 mph, Downey 219.5. Saturday, Falck was 220.8, Downey 220.4. In the one race Downey pleaded a tight engine, in the other a large and sluggish propeller. But he is more given to sinking with his machine than atoning for its failings. Falck is his friend, and he enjoys racing him almost as much as beating him.

Mostly, he loves flying his Tiger. "This plane fits you like a glove," he says affectionately. "You don't so much fly it as wear it."

Downey, a short, friendly, florid-faced man, is as effusive as Falck is taciturn. "I think the rest of us will split the prize money," he advised Falck before one race, "just by having someone lead

you off course. I don't know why it is that when you give me every chance with your starts, I can't take advantage of it."

"Maybe," said Falck, "you will." He did not. Falck won the Sunday final easily, flash home at an average 224.5 mph while the tiny Tiger, buffeted by gusty winds, could only crank out 217.7.

How does one get started flying competitively? "Well," says Falck, "first you got to get yourself an airplane. And that costs money."

That it does: Downey paid \$10,000 for *Old Tiger* nine years ago and, despite his winning, has lost approximately that much in the last three years shipping, repairing and maintaining it.

Then, however, is a mere drop in the fuel tank when compared with the investments of the Unlimited pilots. Cliff Cummins, a Riverside, Calif. radiologist and consistently star-crossed flyer, estimates that he has sunk some \$140,000 into his Mustang fighter in the years he has owned it. Cummins, who was once an Air Force gunnery instructor, belly-landed the Mustang in the Nevada desert three years ago during the Reno air races after a small throttle link snapped. The very same gadget failed him on the sixth lap of the eight-lap semifinal heat in Miami on Saturday. Cummins was

loading at the time and had recorded the fastest qualifying-heat time of 376.8 mph earlier in the week.

"I do not again need that sudden silence in the engine up there," he confided nervously after he had coaxed his failing airplane into a neat landing.

Because of his outstanding times and because the plane could be fixed in time, his fellow pilots ruled that Cummins should be allowed to compete in the Sunday finals, but not for the top prize money of \$8,055. He could compete for glory and lesser cash consolation prizes. But, alas, he was denied even glory Sunday: this time his lap-counter broke and Cummins lost track of the race. When he finally made his move he was too far back and finished fifth behind winner Lyle Shelton, who averaged 373.3 mph.

Despite his troubles, Cummins had greatly contributed to the dramatic success of the first Great Miami Air Race. And the little fellows, Falck and Downey, had made it an artistic success. In the end there was hopeful talk of this becoming an annual event.

But air racing is a hazard in the air and at the bank, and neither pilots nor plants are getting any younger. Downey sagely observed: "You never know what the hell is going to happen up there."

True down here, too.

ENO

Reeling and roaring to go, winner Cliff Falck wedged into his 835-pound plane before flying around the pylons at 224.5 mph to take the trophy.



THE BULLETS ARE HIGH CALIBER

And Baltimore is loaded. The return of Archie Clark, the acquisition of Elvin Hayes and the transformation of Mike Riordan have made it an explosive team, one with a real shot at the NBA title. **by PETER GARRY**

Coaches of winning teams hate to face up to the inevitability of change, of filling the spot vacated by a retired star, of altering a proven style to accommodate the talents of new players, of revamping a starting lineup to replace injured regulars. Yet when wholesale change was recently forced upon the Baltimore Bullets, winners of seven in the NBA for four seasons, Coach Gene Shue approached the situation with uncanny relish. He made unspoken trades, forced good rookies into his lineup and, finally, made a deal few NBA coaches would even have considered.

As Shue had planned all along, it was change for the better. Last week, when the roster of the new Bullets was finally completed by the return of holdout Guard Archie Clark, it only made a hot

team hotter. The old Bullets were good enough to win games, lots of them, but the new ones are better. They are capable of winning championships.

These are considerably toned-down Bullets compared to the ones who lost the championship round of the 1971 playoffs to Milwaukee in four straight games. Earl Monroe now strains his staff for the Knicks. Gabe Paul is weary-kneed in Baltimore floating on high, his gold-starred incisor twinking under a shower of purportedly shatterproof glass as he raved yet another sea-through backboard. Only Center Wes Unseld and Forward John Treadwell remain from that squad. Today the Bullets go with the idea of smooth Guard Phil Chenier, spunky Forward Mike Riordan, solid

Unself, silky Elvin Hayes, speedy rookie Kevin Porter and the shifty Clark.

Although Baltimore has won three division championships and a conference title in the past four seasons, Shue has generally been overlooked when the NBA's best coaches are mentioned. But in recent weeks he has become the object of considerable admiration, not so much for his team's 16-3 record since Dec. 1 and a 4½ game lead in the Central Division as for the alacrity with which he disbanded one team, put together another and molded it into a cohesive unit. The old Bullets were a heterocluster fire-breath outfit, which even in their best season allowed 112 points a game and whose set offense consisted of four men going one-on-one while Unseld looked on. This year Baltimore is among the league's best

The Big E is making the big shot while Archie Clark, here sitting on L.A.'s Daili Spanish, had a four-point comeback and a 30-point rally.



defensive clubs, permitting fewer than 100 points in 23 of its games, and it runs a pattern offense as smoothly as it does the break. Even Butler practices, once among the roughest in the league, have turned serious—except when Stan (California Dreamer) Love, a 6'9" reserve, decides to spit in his shirt. "It's better than spitting on the floor," he explains.

Even beyond Shue's control forced the transformation of his team and he pulled it off because he was willing to gamble. At the start of last season Johnson showed up with two inflexible knees while Monroe barely bothered to appear, preferring to hold out until the Bulls traded him to a city more commensurate with his life-style. The Pearl went to the Big Apple and Baltimore got the 6'4" Riordan, a former guard who is now the NBA's shortest starting forward and most improved jump-shooter, as part of the deal. Putting Riordan alongside Unseld and Hayes in the forefront has turned out to be one of Shue's best moves, although it means playing a line-up composed of two centers, three guards and no forwards.

To replace Monroe the Bulls shipped two players to Philadelphia for Clark, a tough defender who had played in the shadows of Jerry West and Elgin Baylor at Los Angeles and Billy Cunningham on the Tiers. Until he averaged 25 points for Baltimore last season, Clark was best known as one of the fellows for whom Walt Chamberlain was traded. Clark, however, proved himself Monroe's equal at one-on-one play, although where the Pearl is smooth and slippery Archie is jerky and jerky. When he has the ball Clark will bow his head, dip a shoulder, lean over from the waist and appear about to fall on his beard. There is method in this ungainliness, however; as soon as Clark seems sure to proceed in one direction he squirts off in another, leaving defenders dumfounded while he fires one of his spiky-legged, fall-back, semi-jump shots.

Clark's play last season, when he earned \$135,000, convinced many folks, not the least of them Archie, that he belonged in the superstar class. This fall he reportedly asked for \$175,000 salary; the Bulls offered \$175,000, and an impasse was reached. Through negotiations, court hearings, forced arbitration and the first 43 games of the season, Clark worked out on his own while the Bulls played—and im-

proved—without him. Two weeks ago the dispute was settled and Clark became the highest-paid Bull, earning slightly more than either Unseld or Hayes, who make about \$200,000 apiece.

Still, the bulk of the Bulls' title hopes rest upon Unseld and the man who came to Baltimore as a result of Shue's most daring move—last summer's trade of Jack Marin to Houston for Hayes. The Big E was recognized as a multitalented center who could score (27.4 average), rebound (17 per game) and block shots. The only criticism of his play was that he had trouble catching and throwing passes. "Elvin has hands by Georgia-Pacific," says one NBA coach.

Most coaches admitted they would rather take arsenic than Elvin Hayes. His reputation was that of a man with a fragile ego who alternately scorned and stalked an critics, who was sometimes sulky with his teammates and coaches, who could cause dissension in the Patridge family. At the press conference announcing the deal, Shue was asked if it was strictly one-for-one. "No," he replied, "we got Elvin's psychiatrist, too."

A man of considerable self-confidence, Shue believed he could alleviate most of the pressure that had to obviously troubled Hayes on the Rockets, a poor team for which Elvin felt he had to win games singlehandedly. Shue has done it by dividing the center's offensive duties between sure-handed Unseld, who does most of the passing and picking, and Hayes, who takes—and makes—most of the shots. As a result the Bulls now have the best one-two rebounding punch in the league. Hayes has shot less and averaged fewer points (21) than ever while shoring up the defense with his shot blocking, and he has been so cooperative and friendly that the once-pretentious Baltimore management and press are now wondering if any of those old Big E stories were true.

"The Big E has been a gem," says Shue. "I mean a G-E-M. Without him we'd be nowhere. He has worked very hard and he has made the big effort to team up with Wes. I couldn't be more pleased."

"I'm sure a lot of people around the NBA laughed when they heard I was traded," says Hayes. "They said I'd ruin this team. But a lot of them don't even know me. They didn't realize I'd always been a winner except with the Rockets.

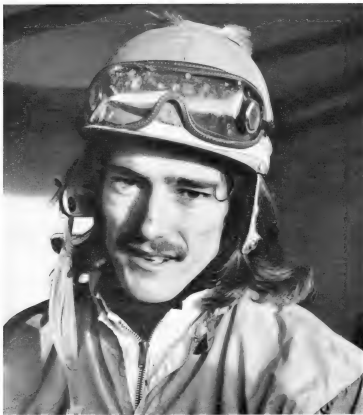
Still, they blamed me every time the team lost and called me a confirmed loser. I know. I'm a guy who needs his confidence built up, but from the very first day I came into the pros, coaches emphasized the things I can't do, even in the years I led the league in scoring or rebounding. And I was an easy target. I was taking most of the shots because I was told to and I was the highest-paid player. I was expected to make a winner out of a team which didn't have the ability.

"It almost ruined my game and my health. I got to the point where I couldn't sleep, and my stomach was always acting up. They took X rays and couldn't find anything wrong. I had become a hypochondriac. I took sleeping pills and was constantly chewing Tylenol and Ro-Aids. I haven't taken any of those pills since I heard about the trade."

Now it is Baltimore's opponents who are feeling a little queasy. By the end of last week the Bulls had run off a seven-game winning streak, including a near-record five straight on a single road trip. The best of the away wins came early last week in Los Angeles where the Lakers fell 112-104. The Bulls played a tightly controlled game most of the time, none of them more so than Hayes, who selected his shots carefully, hitting 43 of 21 and scoring 32 points. Clark made his season's debut as a substitute and although he scored only seven points, his defense was sharp, particularly on Gail Goodrich in the fourth quarter when Los Angeles threatened.

Three nights later, against the hapless Tiers, the Bulls bounced to a 24-point lead in the third quarter. Philadelphia closed the margin to eight before Clark herked and jerked for eight points in the first period—he had 16 for the game—and fed teammates for two more buckets, the Bulls winning 110-94. Saturday night against Seattle Clark scored 10 of his 18 points—as well as five rebounds and three assists—in the fourth period as Baltimore built a 99-95 lead into a 126-106 victory.

Earlier in the week Shue was asked when he expected Clark to become a regular, an unavoidable move the coach seems reluctant to make, since Chamberlain and Porter are playing so well. "I've got 300 guards," Shue said, "so please don't ask me when Archie's going to start." With problems like this, Shue doesn't need Turner, either. **END**



SHOULD HE STICK TO THE STICKS?

He looks like a saint and rides like the devil. He is Desmond Sandford (Sandy) Hawley, a long-haired, 103-pound Canadian jockey who has just won his second North American riding championship. Once again he has brought in more winners (367) in a year than all the big-name jockeys: Shoemaker (172), Pincay (289), Bawa (129). Yet Sandy Hawley is little known in the U.S. While other top riders are congregating under the palms at Santa Anita and the Miami tracks, Hawley works the cold, often drear, horse meeting in Maryland. There the horses love him. They should: his winning percentage is an astounding 24.6. There are many who bet on Hawley, not the horse, a considerable tribute inasmuch as the rule of thumb is that the horse is 80% of the race and the jockey 20%. In Canada, Hawley is such a hero that Toronto once celebrated Sandy Hawley Day, going so far as to give the 23-year-old rider a motorcade, and when he showed up at Laurel last December midway through the meeting he boosted attendance to such a point that grateful track officials actually named a race in his honor. In hero fashion, Hawley won that event, too.

The Canadian will ride between 1,500 and 2,000 horses in 1973, hoping to win 500 races, something no jockey has done in a year. (The record is 485 by Shoemaker in 1953.) After Bawa, Hawley plans to head home to ride at Greenwood, Woodbine and Fort Erie, all near Toronto. On off days and nights he will take mounts at Blue Bonnets in Montreal, an hour away by jet. He may come back to the States during the summer and expects to ride at the fall meeting at Laurel.

There are those who declare Hawley has yet to prove himself a top jock, never mind the top jock, because he does not compete regularly at New York or Florida tracks. For all his wins, Hawley's mounts earned only \$1.3 million in 1972 while Pincay, for instance, rode winners of \$3.2 million. However, Hawley did appear as an apprentice one winter at Hialeah and did very well indeed—he was the first big boy to be the leading rider. In Canada Hawley has performed superbly in the best competition. He has ridden in the Queen's Plate twice and won twice. He has ridden in the Canadian Oaks three times and won three.

Hawley's style is distinctive, especially in the stretch. He bounces up and down a lot and sits farther back in the saddle than other jockeys. Pictures of a Hawley photo finish often are startling. At first glance it appears that he has lost, because his body is completely behind that of the rival jockey, but the nose of his horse usually has hit the wire first.

As a jockey, Hawley has several notable attributes, not the least of which is courage. Chick Lang, who was Bill Hartack's agent and who says that Hawley reminds him of the early Hartack, recently remarked in the *Daily Racing Form*: "The other day, at Laurel, Hawley was riding over a very bumpy track which might have caused others to conveniently excuse their ribbons. Hawley was settled twice that day and was pretty well banged up, but he came back to ride his mounts the next day. That's the mark of a champion."

Hawley also has acumen. "He can foresee things," says his agent, Colin Wick. "He's not perfect. Understand, nobody's perfect. I've seen him win races he should have lost and lose some he should have won, but he's won more than lost. Jim Fitzsimmons used to say that the only difference between a good jockey and a bad one is that a good jockey doesn't make as many mistakes."

For all his mod looks and dress, Hawley is a young man with old-fashioned manners, polite and well-spoken. There are trainers who don't like the length of his hair, but no one complains of the size of his head for all his success. Hawley's wife Sherrie is far removed from the typical jockey's dopy son in the manies and sometimes in real life. A port, intelligent brunette who used to ride show jumpers in Canada, the met Sandy while working as an exercise girl at Fort Erie. Recently, to Wick's horror, Hawley joined Sherrie and Kathy Kusner in jumping horses on a Sunday. "Bummer's holiday," said Hawley. He has been teaching Miss Kusner, a member of the U.S. Equestrian Team who has been riding at Maryland tracks, how to switch a whip from her right hand to her left and to her right again during a race—a skill many jockeys never learn. The secret is to use the mouth as the transfer point.

Hawley's development as a rider follows classic lines. He grew up near the

Sandy Hawley is unknown around big-time racetracks, but he could be the best bet of 1973. Last year he won more often than any other jockey riding in North America

by ROBERT H. BOYLE

continued



TWO WOMEN: who I knew the ropes for riding. With Moore's encouragement, he later became what taught Hawley a thing or two about jumping.



National Stud Farm in Ontario, the son of a lab technician in Oshawa. Despite his size (5' 2"), young Hawley played every sport he could as a child. In grammar school he was a first baseman and batted third in the lineup. He was a goal-tender in hockey. In high school he had the audacity to go out for varsity football, but, he admits, "they ran me off after two practice sessions." In his first and only year of high school wrestling he came in second in the 98-pound class, All-Ontario.

Almost always in the back of his mind was the idea of becoming a jockey, largely because an uncle, Web Bride, used to tell him, "I'm going to make a rider out of you." Hawley says, "Up until the time I was 16, I would bother my uncle all the time, asking, 'When are you going to take me to the racetrack?'"

One day Uncle Web called up Duke Campbell, a trainer at the National Stud Farm. Campbell told Uncle Web to bring his nephew over for inspection. When they went, Campbell carefully looked at Hawley's hands and feet and then announced, to Hawley's joy, "I don't think you'll grow an awful lot, so I'll give you a chance."

Hawley quit school and began his rigorous training. First he walked horses and mucked out stalls at Woodbine. Then there were weeks of clearing stalls at the National Stud, turning horses out in the paddocks and bringing them in at night, "just getting used to being around horses." This was followed by months working as a groom at the tracks for \$55 a week.

On his days off as a groom, usually Sundays, Hawley would ask an exercise boy if he could ride a horse around the shed, "I rode bareback," he says. "Mr. Campbell wanted me to ride bareback, and his reason was that a person can gain better balance learning that way. After he saw me doing this Mr. Campbell was enthused, and he would let me make rounds of the shed with the tack. When I'd ride by the oldtimers would say, 'Keep your feet forward.' 'Keep your hands down on the neck.' 'Take a cross with the lines.' That means cross one rein over the top of the other and then hold them with your hands. Mr. Campbell began taking me out to a field and teaching me to post on a horse, so stay in time with the animal in a jog. After he taught me that, I began to canter, and he'd be riding a pony alongside

and have a shaft, on the horse I was on. He'd let the shaft get longer and longer until I was on my own."

"In about a year's time, I became an exercise boy. And after a year and a half of that, I rode races. I used to ask Duke Campbell, 'When can I ride?' and he'd say, 'I'll let you know.'" In late 1968 the trainer put Hawley on a mount at Woodbine. "The horse was called Regal Victory," Hawley says, "and I wound up 50th. My first winner was Fly Alone. It was the sixth race I rode, and he won by two or three lengths. I remember it was on a Saturday with a real big crowd. It was funny that I won on that horse because a rider has to ride five races before he's allowed to carry a stick. The stewards use this rule. I guess, to see if a rider can control horses well enough without a stick. The first time I was able to use a whip, I won. I hit Fly Alone two or three times."

Hawley has had almost 5,000 mounts since, but he is not in the least convinced that he knows everything there is to know about racing. He is always trying to find ways of cutting down mistakes. Hawley's riding style is both an amalgam of techniques he has absorbed from other jockeys and a summation of his own experiences. "You can listen to other riders," he says, "but you have to find your own style. Riding race after race, you develop a style, and the way the horse feels finest is the way you try to ride."

Hawley sits down each morning with the form and goes over the entries carefully, race by race. He tries to figure which horses in an event might have real speed or "cheap speed" and where he is likely to be lying when he makes his move. He also notes track conditions—what they are before the first race and how they change during the afternoon. For instance, in a recent race at Rivoli, the seventh on the card, Hawley noticed the track was getting "grassy" on the outside because horses had been running all day along the rail. So he moved his mount, Zedig, outside in the stretch, where the footing was firmer, and won by a neck. A track official, who is an admirer of Hawley's canning, had purposely gone down to the winner's circle to watch the drive to the wire, and when Hawley and Zedig came on first at the finish there was Zedig's owner, George E. Finco, just another guy with a string of horses, jumping up

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radial tires the tread may tend to lift from the road on curves, reducing total tread contact. In the Goodyear Steadfast tire, the sidewall can flex outward while the tread remains firm for traction.

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and drink exclaiming, "The horse wouldn't have won without Hawley! He's five lengths better than any jockey on the grounds!"

Before a race Hawley goes out to the paddock where a battalion of bettors watch him mount his horse. The owner or trainer might offer instructions on how to handle the animal, and if they don't, Hawley is likely to ask if it has "any bad habits." Warning up on the track as the odds on the mutual board begin to light up and change, Hawley feels the horse out, "whether he'll bag in, bag out, whether he's heavy-headed or has a light mouth, which means he might be very tricky about the mouth. This is important because you have to be ready when you come out of the gate. If you have a light-mouthed horse and he comes out of the gate on his own, he can lose a stride or two if he throws up his head and you pull back on the lines. So you should have a flag-of-stay of mind to keep him under control."

Should a horse be skittish or drenched with sweat—the latter a bad sign—before reaching the starting gate, Hawley does his best to calm the animal with affectionate pats on the neck and soothing words of "Easy, boy," or "That's a good girl." He wants the horse to be relaxed; otherwise it would use up energy needed for the race.

When the gate opens, Hawley tries to get his horse "running early, running into the bit, so the horse isn't used up at all." In a typical race, Hawley likes to be back until the fifth pole. Up to this point he almost never uses the stick. "You wait for the stick until you have to use it," he says, "and there's the odd race where I don't hit a horse at all."

Around the fifth pole, Hawley begins to make his move. It might come before this or afterward. There is nothing definitive about the fifth pole. The move depends on traffic, how the field is bunched or unbunched, and Hawley makes a split-second judgment. There are risks here that a jockey must bear. He might get shot out. There are times, he knows, when he rode a fine race and the gap just closed and he placed second, to the chagrin of the bettors. There are also times, he admits, when with sheer luck he finished fourth in front but knew that he had ridden a bad race. There are also times when he will make the move toward the silver of an open-

ing between galloping horses, seize the lead, finish first and see the inquiry sign light up. Last year he lost 50 days of riding because of suspensions by the stewards. "You see the opening and you go for it," he says, not apologizing at all. "There are no narrow margins, and you may have no idea that you cut an other horse off."

Whenever Hawley decides to move he begins saying "pawpaw, pawpaw" to his mount, a kissing sound that means go. "This is called 'clucking to the horse,' and when he hears this he starts moving," he says. Should the horse not respond, Hawley swats him with the stick in methodical fashion, first on the right side of the neck, then under the belly and finally back on the rump. Inasmuch as most jockeys are right-handed, some horses have grown immune to being whipped on the right side; Hawley then switches the stick to his left hand and begins lashing from the neck to the behind. "This startles them, and they move," he says.

In Hawley's experience, horses react differently upon gaining the lead. "Oddly," he says, "some wait for the rest of the field to catch up. They think the race is over because they're in front. This may have something to do with the way they've been trained. There are other horses that just keep on running in the lead because they don't want mud or dirt thrown in their face."

Going into the stretch drive, Hawley gives a shrill whistle like a doorman calling a cab. He might bellow "Yah! Yah! Yah!" Because of their own rear, the bettors in the stands cannot hear the jocks at this dramatic moment, the snicks of the sticks and the clattering of hooves. At this instant, Hawley begins bouncing up and down on his mount in rhythm with the horse's stride. Because he bounces, he uses a soft-backed saddle so he will not bruise his own backside. "I feel that bouncing moves a horse up near the finish, that it will make his front end stretch out a little better," Hawley says. "Some horses really will respond to that, especially since I sit back on their kidneys."

Barring lengthy suspensions or accidents, Hawley is convinced that using this technique he can ride those 500 winners in 1973. "Riding could get to be a bore," he says, "but if you've got a goal, you've got more to be enthused about."

Las Vegas CONVENTION INFORMATION



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by Jule Campbell

A Little Learning...

...is terrific. Lying around in the sun on a tropical island may be O.K. for a while, but by and large it is more fun to be up and doing something, and surely the most fun is to be doing something well, whether it be hitting a sand wedge, casting to a bonefish, throwing up a lob—or just climbing a coconut palm. Highly recommended, since this is a watery world to the south, are sailing and scuba diving. If these are for you, the instructors on this and the following pages and the new fashions just may be for you, too

PHOTOGRAPHS BY WALTER IDOSSI JR.

School For Salts, Old and New

Steve Colgate's classroom is Elizabeth Harbor, off Great Exuma Island, 130 miles southeast of Nassau in the Bahamas. Instead of chalk dust it offers brisk breezes, clear water and white, sand-germ islands to circumnavigate and explore. Boats and sailors are based at the Out Island Inn, near George Town. Colgate (right, riding a sail) is a transatlantic racer and Olympic crewman who runs the Offshore Sailing School, Ltd. for beginners and directs Sailing Symposiums Bahamas Race Weeks, a course for experts. His Offshore course, reputed to be the best such program there, consists of a solid week of basic seamanship aboard one of nine Solings. Three instructors manage to cram everything you ever wanted to know about sailing into 20 hours of in-

struction followed by two days of solo practice. The Symposiums schedule involves six half-day sessions of racing aboard the Solings, which are equipped with the latest in racing gear. Sailors advanced enough to have any technique to sharpen are coached by experts on an Olympic-style course; points that cannot be made at sea from the instructor's boat to the student's (through a bulthorn) are thrashed out at chalk talks in evening sessions. Tactics and techniques are taught by Colgate and such guest experts as well-known racers Bruce Goldsmith, Peter Barrett, Dick Stearns and John Marshall. New this year is an advanced cruising course aboard a Pearson 33 for those who may not want to race but do wish to master a larger boat.



After an afternoon sail Jane Gill warms up—in White Stag's pastel warmups.



Steve Colgate coaches an advanced Symposiums racing crew with a bullhorn (not shown) from a chesapeake boat as Elizabeth Sound off Great Exuma. Below, Libby Dee wears White Stag's terry-lined parka to practice between classes.



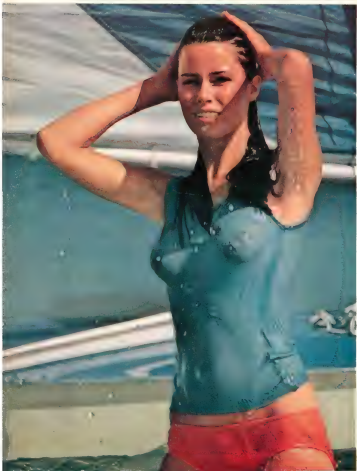


Below, Offshore Instructor Herb Stonebrook hangs on and hopes his students learn quickly as they work to put up the spinnaker for the first time on an Olympic class 27-foot Soling. Bottom, he shows them how to trim the boom vang.



Lilly is decked out in a one-piece stretch swimsuit by Gigancs for Watercohes.

Dunked by her Surfah near George Town, Cindy and her head talk short surface, looking good in new, water better



And a Salty School For Divers

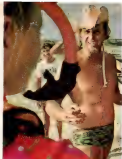
"We don't call ourselves scuba divers here. We are mountain divers, because Bonaire is a mountain in the sea," So says scuba expert Don Stewart, art of the small island situated in the Netherlands Antilles, where the water has been called the cleanest and clearest in the world. White sand beaches stretch from a calm crystalline bay on the lee side to the small, beautifully kept Hotel Bonaire and Stewart's Aquaventure facilities adjacent to it. The island's northern beaches are rugged with coral rock and the white water of the surf, and between the two extremes lies an extraordinarily variegated landscape: rolling acres of green cactus fields, Dutch colonial villages of small primitive houses such as those at right and majestic solar-salt pyramids, products of the Antilles Salt Company, reflected in the pink-and-green waters of the panning fields.

Stewart (below, right) instructs from an extensive file of his own charts and tables dealing with diving theory, general physics and, more specifically, such questions as nitrogen expenditure, decompression and embolism. Before each dive he draws the coral formations and canyons his students will visit; occasionally he even sculpts the diving site in plastic clay. Pupils are made to wear their equipment continuously as they will be thoroughly familiar with it, and he nags them a lot. "I won't do it for you," he says, "because if I do, you won't learn, but I will be working with you the whole time." He teaches with an air of insouciance, but the instruction is solid: his method could be compared, perhaps, with the way he wears his o ring. A spare o ring is a necessary part of any diver's equipment, and Stewart wears his dangling from his pierced right ear.





Pupl Stan Hill is full scuba gear stands ready to submerge for the first time, and instructor Stewart checks him out in the shallow water before the Hotel Bonaire. Wearing his Aqualung tank and a meg saring, Stewart (right) works at a blackboard permanently attached to the side of his truck, charting and describing a reef that snorkelers and scuba divers will be swimming to. At far right, Stan, on his first dive, swims near the surface while Stewart watches him.



Dayle Haddon (see cover) adds to any beach scene.





here we meet a story in the morning sunshine wearing this studio's new back outdoor shot by Monika Tilley for Dan.





Way to Go

To get to George Town there are direct, scheduled flights from Miami or Nassau. The Out Island Inn has 60 rooms with terraces or balconies facing the water, plus a pool, tennis courts and a resident tennis pro. Basil Minns' Water Sports service at the hotel rents Flying Scots and Sunfish, scuba and snorkel equipment and water skis and Whalers with outboard motors for sking or fishing (bonefishing on the Great Exuma Flats is excellent). From Dec. 16 through May 6 modified American plan rates (room, breakfast and dinner) are \$68 per day for double occupancy and \$58 for single; off-season they are \$44 and \$34.

Here Steve Colgate's intensive winter Offshore Sailing School course starts with theory and basics. On the first day students learn how to rig a boat, bring her about, jibe and tack; by the fourth day they have progressed to charting a course and setting the spinnaker. The cost is \$165, \$245 for a couple, and there are family rates for three or four. The advanced cruising session aboard the Pearson 33 is \$185 or \$350 for two. The Symposium Race Weeks course is \$255 per person, with a maximum age of 15 and weight of

100 pounds required of crew candidates.

To reach Bonsire one must fly to Curacao, 35 miles north of Venezuela. ALM flies the 30-mile distance from there to Bonsire two or three times daily. Visitors find binoculars invaluable; the island is a bird sanctuary, home to more than 135 species. The Hotel Bonnaire has two swimming pools, one of them for children. There are 60 double rooms in the clutch of interconnected buildings, each with a balcony, garden or water view and direct access to the beach. Winter rates apply from Dec. 15 through April 15. On a modified American plan they run \$52 or \$56 per day for double occupancy, \$34 and \$37 for single. Off-season the same plan for two runs between \$38 and \$40, or \$23 and \$26 for one. European and full American plans are also available.

Dan Stewart's Aquaventure operation offers a five-day ocean course that can make a class A diver of a novice (Stewart emphasizes that he does not teach "resort" courses); it includes six hours of surface and water instruction each day (water instruction is begun in shallow, open water rather than in a pool because Stewart feels it is more realistic), with checkout in equipment and rental of tanks and gear, for \$20 a day. After

this course the diver will be accepted for open reef dives. The pace of instruction can be more leisurely if one wishes. Advanced divers pay the same \$20 a day for equipment and two trips to the reefs, morning and afternoon. Aquaventure also offers scuba packages that include a seminar, guided and supervised underwater sightseeing and tank rentals.

For those interested in learning to photograph what they find underwater, there is also Dave Woodward's Scubaventures. Woodward, a master diver who has taught more than 20,000 beginners, offers a six-day "Seafari," a diving and underwater photography extension to seldom-visited diving areas of the Caribbean or tropical Atlantic. He and two instructors take groups of six divers from age 8 to 75, but of roughly uniform experience, aboard the *Alexa*, a luxury 57-foot Chris Craft Constellation. Woodward himself teaches the underwater photography, with daily processing and viewing of film aboard ship. Evenings are spent discussing the day's dives, studying shells or relics found and watching slides and movies. The *Alexa* is for charter every week from Dec. 31 through Sept. 2 and \$600 per person will cover everything from start to finish.

Barbra Ehr wears a sequin swimsuit by Alice Blane for Benson & Partners, a little something you should have for diving in champagne or standing around agree even

Where to Buy

Dayle Hudson's cover swimsuit is by Anne Collins for Sandersons. The fabric top is knitted nylon-acrylic, the bikini pants are of spandex. \$15 at Plover's, Boston; Filley's, Houston; J. W. Robinson, Los Angeles. On page 34 Jane Gill's yellow acrylic knit wrap-up from White Stag is \$32 at Bloomingdale's, New York; Bullock's, Los Angeles; St. Mary's, Westbury, Mass. On the same page

Lobby Ohs' terry-knitted green nylon jumps, also by White Stag, is \$20 at Many Ponds Tennis Workshop, Torrance, Calif. Opposite Lobby's white knee-length suit-out of striped nylon voile with bikini pants and a bra front by Bryncrea for Watavictoria is \$39 at Lord & Taylor, New York; Marshall Field, Chicago; and at Neiman Marcus stores. On the following page her blue Randell tank shirt is by

Head Sportswear. \$9 at Bloomingdale's, New York; La Costa Tennis Shop, Rancho La Costa, Calif. On the next spread Dayle wears a black and pink spandex bikini by Monique Tilley for Stan, \$23 at all Saks Fifth Avenue stores. On the page at left Barbra Ehr's sequin "swimsuit," plastic-covered in cotton knit, is by Alice Blane for Benson & Partners and costs \$25 at Henri Bendel, New York.

New Tide rolls for 'Bama

Black may or may not yet be beautiful at the University of Alabama, but it is beautiful for sure now, turning an old conference inside out

There is much of different worlds in Tuscaloosa, Ala., the best and the worst of the Old and the New South, the dreary weariness of a rural town gone to decay resisting change and the ebullience of an academic community excited by progress. The polarization is captured in essence along University Boulevard, one of the city's main streets, running between the downtown area and the University of Alabama, a black-topped conduit from crumbling decrepitude to the Age of Aquarius.

On the left-hand side of the boulevard, near the drive stone, across from City Hall and right up to the Chamber of Commerce, there is a rusting link to the past, a nagging reminder by the name of Robert Shelton, Imperial Wizard of the United Klans of America, which is an organization of a bunch of Klux. Shelton runs a printing shop in downtown Tuscaloosa.

Not far from his colorful window display of flags—the Klan's, the South's and America's—is the University of Alabama, where George Wallace once stood on the doorsteps screaming the tide of integration. Since then we've polarized the moon, dressed men in high heels and put a mustache on Dick Tracy. The university has done the unexpected, too. Last Saturday night it started four blacks in a basketball game on archival Auburn's home court, an occurrence that left Shelton feeling as glum as if he had just seen his bookkeeper driving a Cadillac.

Alabama beat Auburn 76-64, augmenting its hold on first place in the Southeastern Conference and running its overall record to 10-1. The team has beaten Florida State and Southern California, and its lone defeat came against Wake Forest in the second game of the season before it had jelled or established a starting lineup.

When Alabama reorganized its basketball program five years ago it sent to Transylvania not for a vampire but for

a coach named C. M. Newton who had labored for 12 seasons at Transylvania College in Lexington, Ky. In his first year at 'Bama the school captured four victories and Wendell Hudson, Gitting Hudson, the school's first black scholarship player, turned that into a winning season. As a junior in '71-'72, Hudson was SEC player of the year in two polls, and Alabama finished 18-0 after challenging for the conference title.

"Before this season a lot of people wondered if coach would play four blacks," says Hudson, now the SEC's leading scorer. "The best answer he gave them was that he was going to put the best five men out there. It just happened that four of them are black. I liked it here from the start, although I got some trouble from both sides, white and black. But I could tell that the coaches really wanted to have a winning basketball program, and it didn't matter what color you were."

Newton played basketball for Adolph Rupp at the University of Kentucky. An avuncular man who smokes a pipe, he goes down smoothly with his players. During practice he adopts a jocular tone, correcting mistakes more by intonation than by direct advice. And he has handled a delicate situation well. "I told him when I first came here that the one thing I liked most was that I wasn't treated any different than any of the other players," says Hudson. "He jumped on me just like the others."

"People back home don't talk much about it," says senior Glenn Garnett, who is from outside Selma, Ala. and the only white in the starting lineup. "We're winning. And the four blacks we've got, they're quality people. I guess it was good to start out with somebody like Hudson because he fits in with everybody."

Hudson helped recruit the other black players on the team: reserve Ernie Odum and starters Charles Cleveland, Ray Odum, and the newest and most im-

pressive of all, freshman Leon Douglas, a 6' 9" pivot built along the lines of the Empire State Building. Douglas can hold his own with most any big man in the country, especially on defense, where he has a proclivity for blocking shots. "We had a good team last year but the thing we lacked was a center who could reject some shots," says Hudson. "Now, nobody is driving."

Alabama fretted that Douglas would not be ready for the intercollegiate meeting with Auburn. He spent Wednesday and Thursday in the infirmary, battling the flu. On Friday he looked at his wasted body and claimed the flu had won. "I can see my ribs," he said.

Meanwhile a wayward tourist might have assumed the town of Auburn had adopted "17-16" as its motto. This and other graffiti alluding to Auburn's football victory over Alabama last season were plastered all over the city. Alabama faithful countered by telling Auburn jokes to all who would listen. Sample: "An Auburn man with a frog on his head walked into a doctor's office. Said the frog: 'Doc, can you take this wart off me?'"

As it was, Auburn was looking at Douglas' ribs for most of the night. He blocked 12 shots, and the Crimson Tide broke open the game in the second half. "I quit coaching so much and let them play," kidded Newton, who had worried at halftime because his team held a slim five-point lead. "I thought our coaching sort of handicapped them in the first half. We kept quiet in the second."

Hudson finished with 10 points. Cleveland, only a sophomore, scored 15 and played both guard and forward, and Odum finished with 20 and seven assists. Nicknamed Flash, Odum played defense as if he were a store detective after a woman wearing a hat with a dangling price tag.

The first seven players on the team are from Alabama, a state which once had the reputation of producing basketball players who had the reliability of a motel soft-drink machine. Now Newton reaps the best of a good crop, although he owes two prior obolus that got away, Allen Murphy to Louisville and Clarence Jones to Memphis State. Right now the talk around Tuscaloosa is that Alabama has a good chance to recruit T. R. Dunn, a Birmingham high school player said to be the best in the

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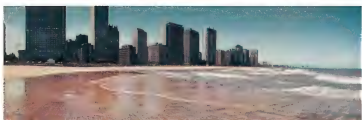
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stone, C. M. plays T. R. might mean the NCAA.

As a security Newton has some protective lures. The team plays in the Memorial Coliseum, which seats 15,043 people, and lives in Paul Bryant Hall, the luxurious athletic dormitory featuring a fountain and flaming torches at its entrance. At the training table the gladiators eat steak. "Once in awhile we have lobster or stuffed flounder," says sixth man Paul Ellis. "But the real things are the bathrooms; they have heated tiles so your feet don't get cold in the morning."

New man Alabama has cemented its cold feet, all of its worlds are closer together. Neely. Even law and order is a winner. Last week someone broke into the Alabama equipment room and stole a basketball. He got the only ball in the room with a leaky valve, leaving the thief as disappointed as Robert Shotton. The Wizard says he'll never go to another game—but those white sheets aren't in anymore in Alabama, anyway.

THE WEEK

by PAT PUTNAM

EAST With just nine seconds to play and his team trailing lightweight Xavier of Ohio by two points, Cameron Mike Macaulay stepped to the foul line for two free throws. Up went his shot. It missed. Hold everything. Macaulay chose to bounce his next shot off the backboard, hopefully into the hands of a teammate who would take the rebound, score two points and send the game into overtime. Up went Macaulay's intentional miss, off the backboard and, *swish!* into the basket. So Xavier won 74-73. "When we try to miss, we can't," moaned Cameron's Coach John Mastrom.

"I don't believe freshmen should play on the varsity," said freshman Gerry Karsanough. The daylong one tested in seven crucial points as Lafayette defeated La Salle 77-66 at home and then hit a perfect 8-for-8 second half in a 94-82 victory over Rangers. "I still think freshmen should compete on their own level while becoming acclimated to the school," maintained Karsanough, who scored enough convincingly to make the dean's list. Less to that than meets the eye, he said. "I didn't know anyone else from my first term. I didn't have any friends. So I stayed in my room and studied."

Continued

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Playing with happy abandon, Long Islander Phil Hankerson posted a 24 points, had 10 rebounds and led post-up Penn to a 77-68 victory over Villanova. Three nights later sophomore Ron Haugler, from Brooklyn, grabbed 17 rebounds and scored with only two seconds left to beat Manhattan 52-51. "We play New York-type basketball," said Hankerson afterward, "and that's a lot of fun. You learn to play with a certain amount of creativity. You go to the basket, play ball, the girls watching you. There's nothing I'd rather do than run and jump and get my body turned on."

On the other side of the coin is King Gaskins, a freshman who scored 23 points as Holy Cross (18-9) defeated previously undefeated Assumption 71-76. "The real difference for me is that basketball is no longer a fun game," said Gaskins, a former schoolboy All-American. "The problem is that although I think I am having a pretty good year, I can't seem to please Coach George Blaney. But I realize a good part of this is at least partly my fault. I'm a moody person having trouble trying to adjust." Learning of Gaskins' bit of introversion, Blaney became moose himself. "Remarks like he made shouldn't be in print," said the coach. "I plan to talk with him." Naturally.

Up against Temple without Mel Davis, who is sidelined with a knee injury, St. John's again turned to Bill Scheffler. His time for 38 points, second highest of Scheffler's career and one shy of the Atlantic Hill record set by Rick Barry in 1964. The Redmen won 93-84.

3. PROVIDENCE (19-2) 2. ST. JOHN'S (19-3)

MIDWEST

It all depends upon where you're sitting. Marquette Coach Al McGuire, for instance, was sitting on the bench (sometimes) when his sharpshooters went up-court, hitting only 26.9% from the field, and lost to Minnesota 64-53. That made two straight defeats for Marquette. "Minnesota is well balanced and well coached," said McGuire afterward. "They look to me like the best team in the Midwest." Four days after that a pre-season slugging in the stands watched Minnesota lose to Indiana 83-71. Said *he of the Gophers*: "These guards are weak, they don't have any quickness and they're not very smart."

It was a heady victory for Indiana (12-2), and it gained the Hoosiers into a tie with Purdue for the Big Ten lead. "The big get was," said Indiana Coach Bob Knight, "was at the end of the half. We could have been down seven points, but we hit last big free throw and cut it to one. It was like starting over again."

Thus emerged, Indiana hit nine of its first 11 shots in the second half to go in from 34-30. Minnesota's frustration showed when Clyde Turner, who led all scorers with

36 points, fouled out with 1:32 left. As he went to the bench he tossed an obscene gesture at the Hoosier crowd.

Purdue's jump to the top came after a stunning 65-62 victory over Michigan, which had been unbeaten in the conference. With Wisconsin spelling Michigan State's bid for a seventh straight road victory, 83-80, the scattered weekend results gave new life to second-tier teams like Ohio State. The Buckeyes ended a three-game skid by downing Georgia Tech 85-79 and then getting by Iowa 75-72.

1. MINNESOTA (20-1) 2. MARQUETTE (19-3)

WEST

For UCLA hater it turned out to be the worst that came. This was to be the big test. San Francisco and Providence back to back. Good by any schedule, good by streak, good by Uclians. For once, the Bruins would face the nationally ranked pair without Ferris Carris, the fiery point man in their one-guard offense who was hurt with the London flu. San Francisco, which owns the 68-straight streak UCLA was rapidly closing on, stopped in first with its towering front line and fell in a lopsided 92-64. That made UCLA 38 in a row.

"It's frustrating," said USF Coach Bob Garland. "About the only way, truthfully, to beat them would be to play them at home, play a perfect game, shoot 60%, have the personnel to match up with them, and even then I don't think you could do it."

Next up were the Friars from Providence, and on the strength of some fantastic shooting by Ernie McGinnis they hung on for half a game. Then they too fell 101-77.

"We used every sophisticated type of defense—the 2-3's, the full press, the combination press, man-to-man, half-court press, matchup in a 2-3 zone," said Dave Gavitt, who coaches the Friars. "Nothing worked." Coming up for the Bruins were Iguels of Chicago and a chance to tie the record, and then Notre Dame and a shot at breaking it.

Last week, Steve Smith, Loyola of Los Angeles' 6' 8" center who is averaging 22.5 points and 13.4 rebounds, was honored at a basketball writers' luncheon. Smith couldn't thank everybody enough for making him what he is.

"I want to thank my trainer for keeping my body in shape," he said. "And my coach, Dick Baker, for pulling me through. When the season started I was a psychological Disneyland. I was a basket case. Well, he saved me through. Oh, and I'd like to thank Bill Barron, the sports publicity director. Everything I get credit for is his doing. For example, when we played Southern Cal I went to the free-throw line early in the game and someone in the stands yelled, 'You're overrated,

Smith.' That made me feel great because I didn't think anyone ever knew who I was. Bill must have got the word out."

1. UGA (19-4) 2. LONG BEACH STATE (16-1)

SOUTH

Two weeks ago when a fractured kneecap cost Texas Larry Robinson, its top forward and last year's Southeast Conference player of the year, Coach Leon Black moaned. "There is simply no way to describe his talent to our men." Now perhaps Black could find the right words. As defending champion, Texas accepted conference play by losing to Baylor 85-79, and then Saturday was annihilated by Arkansas 76-72 at home. In the SWC nobody but nobody lose at home and it didn't take long for the underdogs to be reduced to two: Arkansas and Texas. Tech Arkansas' big gun is hottest Grand Marine Terry, who hit for 29 against the Longhorns. Texas Tech had no problem closing game. TCU 81-65 after starting the second half with only a six-point lead. In the Atlantic Coast Conference, Wake Forest threw a tight 2-1-2 zone at North Carolina and for 11 minutes everything went fine for the Demon Deacons. Then the Tarheels went into one of their patented explosions, scored five points on 11 seconds, and the 2-1-2 zone faded 99-90.

Against Duke the Tarheel Cliff Bird led by three at halftime, but dipped into their bench to get 20 points from John O'Donnell and won 82-71. North Carolina State had no problems against Clemson, winning 86-76, while Maryland spoke Navy's game 76-67.

Vanderbilt, still trying to get untracked in the Southeastern Conference, heard Coach Roy Sinner warn that Mississippi State could be trouble. With 1-24 remaining the Commodores finally pushed to a 69-69 tie. But Mississippi State had the ball. "Hold for the last shot," ordered State Coach Kermit Davis. Freshman Rick Kiser missed the signal and, with 40 seconds left, missed a shot too. Down came Vandy's hot Fowler with the ball. Fouled. Fowler sank two. A few seconds later he sank two more after another foul and Vandy pulled it out 73-69.

Kentucky, which had moved up into a tie for second place in the Southeastern Conference behind Alabama, ran into trouble against Tennessee and lost 65-64. Key to Tennessee's victory was Mike Edwards, a guard with a long memory and a hot hand. Last year Edwards missed a bonus free throw with four seconds to play and Kentucky won 67-66. This year Edwards pumped in 22 points, mostly on shots from 23 feet or deeper. "I didn't sleep much after that game last year," he said, "and it bugged me all during the off-season. People wouldn't let me forget." They will now.

1. NC STATE (22-6) 2. MARYLAND (11-1)

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Which is what Steve Prefontaine, tender of knee and sore of spirit, did last Saturday in the Sunvist Meet's two-mile race. He hadn't looked so good—or sounded so cocky—since the happy days before Munich

Los Angeles never has been considered the most therapeutic of towns, what with its nonfreezays, carcinogenic pine clouds—sometimes they are called tar—and Hollywood. Better, cynics have said, one should try the waters of East St. Louis or an Encounter session in Newark. But last Sunday, when some vowed, doubting infirmities converged on the Los Angeles Sports Arena for the 14th Annual Sunvist Indoor Track Meet, the cry suddenly became a veritable health spa.

What had gotten everybody down in the first place was the horror of Munich, that and the two-pronged incompetence of the AAU and NCAA, in consultations with a mutual dedication to the ideal that people who run, jump and throw should acquire their daily bread only through food stamps. Until recently, and yet to be proved, track never rewarded its practitioners with lucrative professional careers. For the diligent there was only that shoring bumble called the Olympic Games to overcome the blisters, burning lungs, fatigue and injuries 17th-century rule enforcers. Then that dream turned nightmare, and track's eternal question of the moment was a truism: "What am I doing this for?"

For sustained soul-searching it is possible that no one came closer to young Steve Prefontaine, the superb distance runner from the University of Oregon whose performances leading to the Games gave promise of something better than his fourth-place finish there in the 5,000-meter run. Prefontaine ran twice after Munich, once in London and once in Rome, losing both times in races where the killer instincts that had cut down countless rivals in the stretch was fatally lacking. "I just gave up," he said Friday night in Beverly Hills. "In Rome, with 200 meters to go, I wanted the guy behind me to go ahead, and if you know me you know I don't do that. I just

didn't care, I didn't have the spirit."

Returning to Eugene, where he shares a house trailer with his dog Lobo, he did not do much running for two months and took a bartending job at a place called The Paddock during Christmas vacation, but the athletic impulse was an untamed one. "After the Olympics," he said, "I was really full of doubts about everything. The Olympics was what I had been working for as long as I had been running, and then the way they turned out over there it all seemed to have been worthless."

When he resumed training, Prefontaine adopted his tireless regimen of interval and road work too zealously. The warm and frostish sub-zero snow weather in Eugene brought on tendinitis in his left knee (an exactly the same spot where it afflicts Dave Wottle, the 800-meter gold medalist).

Prefontaine's aches and doubts were not the only intriguing facets of the Sunvist two-mile run. The very good field also included Lasse Viren, the 23-year-old Finn who won both the 5,000- and 10,000-meter gold medals at Munich; Frank Shorter, the Olympic marathon champion; Marty Lapsen, fresh from his first mile victory of the season on the East Coast the night before; and Tracy Smith, track's answer to Judge Crater, whose nose of the other principals could remember seeing in a race during the last three years.

"If I just get out and feel I'm competitive," Prefontaine said to Shorter on Friday night, "and have a good race and give it all I have, it will be a worthwhile experience. It could be a motivating factor for me to keep on running. If my knee starts hurting and I place last, I might wonder, 'Should I continue this year or not?'"

Shorter, the United States' first Olympic marathon champion since 1908 and recipient of the Sullivan Award for out-

standing amateur athlete three days before the U.S.A. meet, uses indoor competition as little more than a training device, two miles being a trifle short for his taste. He wasted little of the evening in deep concern over his chances for victory, particularly in view of the absence of speed work in his training.

"If I don't win, it's no major calamity," he said while extolling the virtues of Tijuana, N. Mex., where he hopes to face Prefontaine for full-athletic training this summer "so we can bring the world two-mile record back to America."

That outdoor record, 8:14.0, was set by Viren, a rookie cop in his hometown of Mieskyla before he went to Munich, but at the Sunvist he talked like an unlikely adversary for Prefontaine. "It would be nice to run well against him," he said through an interpreter from the Finnish Consulate who explained, "Viren is not in very good condition. He hasn't worked out the last three days because of stomach trouble and he feels weak. When he has an itch in his stomach before he runs, it makes his stomach bulge out like a football."

While Prefontaine and Shorter were knocking off their entries on Friday, Lapsen was running to a 4:01.8 triumph in the Philadelphia Classic mile, and with a coast-to-coast plane stop the next morning he did not figure as formidable competition.

The way Prefontaine ran the race, his competition was the last thing that he was worrying about. Jumping into an immediate lead, he sped through the first quarter in 63.4. A quarter of a mile later he had the race to himself. He scored his first mile in 4:13.8, then threw in a 62.2 quarter and led by 100 yards during the last six circuits of the track. He lapped Greg Block and Don Timm before finishing to a reverberating ovation that, for decibel level, outdid the Super Bowl played next door in the Coliseum



HIS PAIN ONLY A MEMORY, STEVE PREFONTAINE GRIDS ALONG UNCHALLENGED IN L.A.

six days earlier. He was timed in 8:27.4, little more than a second off Shorter's American indoor record. Liquori, who forgot he was supposed to be tired, out-kicked Smith down the stretch to take second place while Shorter finished fifth. Viren, who briefly ran in third place, never challenged and ended a distant sixth.

"I felt weak from the beginning," Viren said. "Already at the start I felt that I couldn't go too fast in this condition. It was my first competition this year indoors and I couldn't find the right rhythm. I only ran 30 miles all week in training. I usually run 20 miles a day." Viren, however, was consoled by Leo Sjogren, a former Finnish Olympian now in his 50s who said, "Wednesday we had him over to the house and my wife gave him good Finnish blueberry soup. That will fix up his stomach. It was the

first day that he didn't have to run to the toilet."

Running for other reasons, Prefontaine said, "This is a start. I feel self-satisfied because it's the motivational factor I've needed since the Olympics. It's headed me in the right direction. I wish Viren had been healthy and ready. I would have run here even if he wasn't coming, but I did want to meet him again. I don't count this as a big victory because he wasn't running as well as he can, but if I had run 8:50 and finished third I would have walked out of this place and never run another track meet in my life, mostly because of the things that have happened in the last five months."

The spectators, of course, had more than the two mile to cheer. Young Steve Smith of the Pacific Coast Club set a world indoor record when he pole-vault-

ed 17' 11"—an act born of appreciation—and blocky Al Fearbach got a world mark for keepers when he put the shot 69' 4½". Smith, the home-state vaulter in the world right now, won Friday at Philadelphia with 17' 4" but quit after making that height because he wanted to save something for the Sunkist. Reaching L.A. with Liquori about 30 minutes before his competition began, he offered powerful evidence that sleep is not an essential requirement for athletic excellence—if you remember your buddies.

"I was particularly glad to get the record in this meet," he said, "because the promoter, Al Franken, has been very good to me in the past and let me compete when I wasn't as good as I am now. I'm really appreciative of what he's done for me."

Smith also has some bad memories of Munich and the controversy there that in the end succeeded in robbing him and Bob Seagren of the poles they had used to reach the Games. "The Olympic pole-vault medal wasn't worth the gold in it," he said, "and Wolfgang Nordwig's mark wasn't as good as last place in this meet. I think that when I get a stronger pole and set my grip higher, I'll be able to go 18' 6" or 19' consistently."

Fearbach, who could moonlight as a trucking-company safe, showed the shot 69' 4½" last year at Pocatello, Idaho, but the mark was denied recognition as a world record. Sunkist officials assured everyone, however, that the 69' 4½" would find its way to proper accreditation.

"They took the world record away from me last year because I had taped my hand," Fearbach said. "That's all right. It gave me a chance to set the record all over again."

Woods, who because of his own pains was on the verge of pulling out of the mile, turned in his Sally Sullivan act. Going wide and wild down the home-stretch, he beat Kip Keino at the wire and said it was the best he had felt in weeks. Keino, either showing his age—he is 33—or the effects of running in torrid temperatures at the African Games in Lagos, Nigeria the week before, did not have his usual lift.

But for all their infirmities and unavail, a lot of track people started feeling better about things in Los Angeles on Saturday.

END

Putting his Mark on the season

Mark Donohue whipped his mud-spattered rental car out of the main gate at Riverside International Raceway and accelerated savagely down one of the shabby side streets that crisscross California's most venerable road course. A heavy rain the previous evening had left deep puddles on all sides and, cackling like a delinquent dittybopper, Donohue stewed and sped his way along, sending sheets of water over the flanking front yards. "Hey," yelled one of his passengers, "there was an old lady behind that lemon tree and I think you soaked her neckline!" "Not at all," replied last year's Indy winner, careening toward another puddle. "I merely watered her lawn."

Ah, yes, back on the road again. After a superficial surfeit of holidays and too much TV football by far, the American racing fraternity reassembled last week at Riverside to inaugurate what promises to be the most exciting season of motor sport in a good many years. This inauguration—much less costly and certainly a lot more fun than President Nixon's—was the Winston Western 500, the only big-league road race on the NASCAR 32-event 1973 Grand National schedule. Apart from Trenton, where the track boasts a crooked little dogleg, Riverside is the only place where the big stockers can turn right and thus demonstrate their kinship with the road racers of Grand Prix, Can-Am, Trans-Am and Formula-whatever fame.

Donohue's delight at being there was as much a seasonal celebration as it was an expression of relief at having recovered from the painful knee injury that took him out of racing for most of 1972 after he had already won the Indianapolis 500 and \$250,000. Mark still limped a bit when he walked around the pits, but his throttle foot was heavier than ever,

his eye as keen and his ability to gobble up opponents in the corners as voracious as anyone could recall. Moreover, he had added to his growing knowledge of the arcane world of stock-car racing. "Last year, when I first started running in the Grand National series, I had to keep a glossary of the terms that the good 'ol boys used," he explained. "I'd pull into the pits and they'd tell me what was wrong and I'd consult my dictionary. Today I learned a new word—'roosthoggin'. It stems from the old Southern epithet, roost hog or die. And it seems to mean a certain type of automotive aggression peculiar to this form of racing. I think I understand it."

Donohue also muffed did. The race began under chill gray skies, more reminiscent of Wisconsin than Southern California. About the only gain was that the high winds off the snowy mountains had scoured the smog out of the Los Angeles Basin, giving locals their clearest air in nearly a decade—and many folks just stood around enjoying the act of breathing.

Even Donohue was breathing hard right from the start. Pole-sitter David Pearson bobbled his Mercury at the drop of the green flag and Mark was quick to take advantage. By the fourth lap he lay second, and on the 11th he unseated past Bobby Allison to take the lead at lap speeds in excess of 110 mph. Then the 500 evolved into a pursuit race, with Richard Petty's Plymouth the only car containing the horses to close on Donohue's Masador.

The two drivers exchanged the lead a few times until Donohue lost it with a 44-second pit stop about a third of the way through the 191-lap race. Pearson, now a distant threat, retired soon afterward with a blown clutch, as did Bobby Isaac and Cale Yarborough with various ailments of their own. But barring a yellow flag, it looked like Donohue would never catch Petty. Then came disaster for the Petty cause, a blown engine in lap 95. The skies cleared at that very moment, both meteorologically and symbolically for Donohue. The rest of the race was a desert breeze.

It was the first Grand National victory for both Donohue and American Motors—quite a feat for Mark in only his second NASCAR season, and it added an \$11,750 purse to the Donohue family coffers.

Actually, the race results were the least important aspect of the weekend. What counted so far as the \$1,000 faithful who gathered at Riverside were concerned was that their sport was still alive and revving. Though the big Detroit factories have virtually disappeared from the racing scene, along with their megabuck inputs and even more costly insights, the purms offered at races like Riverside are still appreciable—\$105,000 in this instance. And the familiar old rivalries endure as well. The big prize duck last week was the putative Petty-Allison feud, a lather-day confrontation as intense as that of the Hufeldts and McCays if one was to believe the antagonists and the papers.

Petty, four times Grand National champ, who last year won eight races and \$227,015 and who was ostensibly defending his title in this particular go-round, faced off with his blue and STP-red Plymouth against Allison in a gold and red Coca-Cola Chevy. Allison last year won a near-record \$271,395. This dynafest duo has been crunching one another's racing fenders since way back in 1968, as when Allison qualified second to Pearson's aging Wood Brothers Mercury and Petty ended up an unfattering fifth from the pole (behind even that relative newcomer Mark Donohue). Richard waded wrath. Or at least he pretended to.

But there were plenty of new developments evident in last week's inaugural. Jerry Grant, who almost won Indy last year, appeared slimmer and much more serious than ever, although his car was not quite Dan Gurney's Mystery Eagle. Jerry Thompson, the Corvette vet, raised aesthetic hopes among the NASCAR fans with a black, boat-nosed Pontiac Grand-Am that sounded like a sports car, thanks to a super-truck exhaust system. Cale Yarborough was back in NASCAR competition with a will, if not a way. But the most important fact, win or lose, was that Donohue—America's premier racer now that A. J. Foyt is easing his way toward wealthy retirement—was alive and well. And ready to run through puddles. What with a full schedule of Indy-type races, Formula 5,000 duels and the customary enduros ahead of him this season, not to mention the NASCAR circuit, Mark has plenty of puddles to jump. And plenty of admirers to cheer him on his leaps.

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PHILIP HAYES



WALK ON THE WILD SIDE

by "Beard" Westover



CONTINUED



continued

After John Colter left the Lewis and Clark expedition he headed north into Crow country, looking for good trapping areas. It is said he began his journey in November of 1807, and in the wintery months that followed discovered the vast and mysterious wilderness of Yellowstone. The author and a friend are probably the first white men to make a similar trip (they chase to hike north to south) in midwinter. For 17 days in subzero temperatures they snowshoed through blizzards, clambered across mountains and elbowed through herds of elk in the valleys. They took with them only sleeping bags and packs, no tents.

n hour before dawn I awake and lie staring blankly at the pale of noon on the frosted windowpane. Neen? Suddenly I realize the notion is absurd. In long underwear and socks, still half asleep, I walk outside to see what's going on. The night is calm and clear, the air brittle with the cold. I scramble up a roof-high snowdrift beside the wilderness cabin and find the northern lights performing a gaudy fire dance on the rim of space—tracers of gold, red, green, blue. The sky shows shades enough light to illuminate the mountaintops and fill the valley. It is bright enough to read the battered Coca-Cola thermometer that hangs near the door: 27° below zero.

This is Cooke City, Meeteetse, a mountain village on the edge of Yellowstone Park. The town is largely empty now, most everyone having left with September's first snow. About 30 people remain to face the winter, a violent time that lasts for nine months. A ski school operates here in July, and from November till June, Highway 232, the only road through the valley, ends in a snowdrift at the end of town. A road through Yellowstone Park is plowed daily to provide access to civilization—it is 60 miles to the nearest settlement, 110 miles to the nearest barber or bank and 200 miles to the nearest pizza hut. One reason for the long winter is the elevation. From the main street you can see nine peaks of over 10,000 feet; they squeeze the town into an all sides, so tightly you have to look up to see the horizon.

As soon as it is light we begin our journey into northwestern Wyoming where we will cross the Absaroka Mountains and follow the major river drainages across Yellowstone Park to the Continental Divide. We plan to pick up the

Snake River on the western slope and follow it through Grand Teton National Park to the base of the mountains and the community of Jackson Hole. Our route covers a linear distance of 175 miles at an average elevation of 8,000 feet.

Bindings tightened, Mark Stearns and I shoulder our 70-pound packs with grunts, pull on face masks, lower ambered snow goggles and move down the deserted street into the red dawn. Someone pulls back a curtain and waves—our only audience.

At the end of town we mount a snowdrift, enter the timber and trudge toward the high country. Mark takes the lead, and I shuffle behind in the narrow trench carved by his snowshoes. His movements are more animated than those I remember from years of watching Sergeant Preston: buried in his knees in fluff, his advance more closely resembles that of a high-stepping drum major than an Eskimo. Apparently a pair of 10-inch-by-36-inch webs which might easily support the weight of a man on heavy, moisture-laden snow do not support him on the talcum powder of the northern Rockies, especially when the wearer is strapped to 70 pounds of hardware. On the other hand, I'm not struggling at all, since Stearns has packed the snow on which I'm walking.

Inevitably Mark realizes the inequity of our positions, and we agree to rest and change every quarter of a mile. An hour later we are switching every 50 paces and cheating whenever we can get away with it. Our inner clothing is drenched with sweat, and with the temperature dropping about one degree an hour we are obliged during these periods, ludicrously referred to as rests,

to flap about like wing-shot mallards to keep our underwear from freezing.

Progressive dehydration is an uncomfortable and potentially dangerous condition. The sharp, dry air seems to suck body fluids from every pore, and the moisture is not immediately replaceable because our canteens have frozen. The ashlike snow offers no solution, and after braining my tongue on a frigid handful I decide to place the canteen against my bare stomach to thaw.

Despite the discomforts I'd rather be here than, say, in Pittsburgh. A few hours out of town we cannot see, hear or smell civilization. In a meadow below we watch a crippled moose, its head cocked, belching steam, its antlers clawing the air. It crashes through a spray of snow into a juniper stand. A half a dozen coyotes follow. Stillness.

By late afternoon we are climbing through the granite peaks of the Absaroka Mountains, approaching—if my \$2 compass is accurate—a 10,400-foot rubble heap that bears the dubious name Republic Pass. Already a thousand feet above timberline, we are navigating through snow-filled couloirs and avalanche striations and across ice caps that cling with exquisite delicacy to walls of naked rock—very difficult maneuvering on snowshoes. The labor is exhausting, painful, but it is absolutely necessary that we breach the pass before dark and move down into the timber on the western slope. The alternative is a bivouac in the open on a storm-blasted mountaintop without the benefit of firewood.

After 10 grueling hours we are on the summit. We stand on the narrow ridge vomiting and slapping ourselves like Bowers drunks killing imaginary spiders. It is late. The sun swells and splits on the horizon. Shadows fill the valleys. We feel the need to move on and find shelter, and yet we linger, watching the mountains turn lavender and gold.

The view is unrestricted for 200 miles in every direction, more of the earth than I have ever seen from one spot. Mountains shed every horizon: titan peaks, five separate ridges at least, perhaps as many as nine. They unfold ridge behind ridge into the night.

Many people consider this the pantheon of American wilderness, the last and the best. We can look to the west

and south to the farthest boundaries of Yellowstone and Grand Teton National Park, and even beyond into the wide buffer of Primitive Areas, Wilderness Areas and National Forests. We cannot see a single artificial light, column of smoke, building or road. The village of Cooke has vanished. At this moment and for weeks to come, Steens and I will be virtually alone in an island of wilderness as large as the state of New Jersey.

We move off slowly toward the timberline at the headwaters of Cache Creek. With no small measure of anxiety the two of us gradually begin to comprehend the enormity of our undertaking. We have entered an environment in which man has no crafted post. Our lives have no priority here.

After hanging about for an hour on the darkened mountainside we stop and prepare a camp in a stand of lodgepole pine inside the eastern boundary of Yellowstone Park. We dig a shallow sleeping pit, standing on one web and using the other as a shovel, then pack the bottom as firmly as possible and tie a sheet of plastic between the bordering trees. Scooped uncomfortably beneath this canopy we stretch out insulated pads and unroll our sleeping bags.

Shivering violently now that our movements are more confined, we brush away loose snow, pull off our boots and squirm into our bags—ignoring completely several logical reasons for removing damp clothing. It is almost 10° below, and I have decided that my skin is as close to the air as it is going to get. Despite the parlor talk about the “dry cold” of this region, when the thermometer bottoms out an exposed finger will swell and split like a boiled frankfurter.

With one arm out of my bag, I set up a stove and begin melting snow from the wall of the cubicle to prepare supper, a task that proves tedious. With complete lack of foresight we have packed a bottled butane stove without realizing that the stove will freeze in this sort of weather. Even with impurities added to the fuel canisters, the stove's efficiency, especially this night, leaves a great deal to be desired. Working by candlelight it takes almost two hours to melt enough snow for drinking water and to cook a simple dehydrated stew. The stew looks, smells and tastes like soggy tissue, but it has been a long day, and I lack the energy and the inclination to prepare anything more.

I sleep dully and awake at dawn wrapped in a translucent shroud. Five inches of snow have fallen during the night, and our plastic roof has sagged to floor level under the load, covering packs and bags like a massive quilt. Kicking the cover away we half bury ourselves in fluff.

The damp clothes I have slept in have dried, but the moisture has passed through them into my sleeping bag, which now bristles with spears of ice. Our leather boots, damp with sweat and exposed to the night air, have frozen stiff, as well as our face masks and the wooden inserts to my mittens. Enthusiasm, frozen like everything else, is discarded.

Breakfast is elaborate and awful. Each astringer consists of two packages of instant oatmeal, one package of instant

lactant to pull on a pair of frozen boots and venture out into a raw and moody landscape that more closely resembles the surface of Jupiter than anyplace else on earth. Self-discipline at this point is a superhuman virtue, and after considerable shouting and mutual beratement we begin moving.

For several hours we tramp through magnificent stands of fir and spruce, gratefully aware that descending a mountain on snowshoes is easier than ascending one. Following ice-clogged Cache Creek, we arrive eventually at its junction with the Lamar River. We hear the river long before we see it. The sound comes rolling through the snow like the gentle rustling of curtains. It is the first sound in 24 hours not related to our movement, and we savor it. The river appears black in the dull light, and we



breakfast, four ounces of powdered whole milk, two tablespoons of Tang, a few raisins and dried apples, half a handful of wheat germ, brown sugar, honey and a cup of boiling water. The concoction tastes every bit as terrible as it sounds, but for nutritional reasons (it is much too cold to stop for lunch) and to conserve water, we agree to make it our standard morning meal.

It is a gloomy, gray and altogether nasty morning. A milky froth has settled over the mountains, and the sun has dissolved without a trace. Snow falls, but there is no wind, and the huge flakes drop straight and silent through the pines. We have to get moving, obviously, but I for one am somewhat re-

luctant to pull on a pair of frozen boots and venture out into a raw and moody landscape that more closely resembles the surface of Jupiter than anyplace else on earth.

We move north along the waterway, cross a convenient ice bridge near Chalcedony Creek and move downstream into the broad Lamar Valley. In the shelter of the valley we begin encountering game: elk, moose, buffalo, mule deer, a few bighorn sheep and the inevitable coyotes, ravens and magpies. Of these, elk are by far the most numerous. They are all around us, moving silently through the gloom like goblins on the moor. In areas of heavy grazing the valley is crowded with them, thousands of animals weaving through the falling snow

continued

in a tangle of antlers. The herds extend as far as we can see. Our route becomes a maze with animate blockades. Close contact is unavoidable and, although many animals are wary, there is no panic. We pass close enough to some to brush away the cups of snow that covers their backs; our jackets are soon damp from touching the rivulets that trickle down their sides.

Occasionally buffalo mingle with the elk, but these are usually solitary animals grazing apart from the larger herds along the Yellowstone River. They forage with heavy lumbering movements, plowing through the drifts with pendulum swings of their massive heads. Most of them are feeble and stalked at close quarters by coyotes that give us scant berth on their perpetual hunt. Winter is a fat time for predators. Our travel is frequently punctuated with gory scenes of coyotes and magpies tearing strips of flesh from dead or merely exhausted animals.

We camp at the end of the day in a tumble of boulders at the base of Specimen Ridge, hoping the natural shelter will keep us from getting stepped on and also provide some relief from the rising wind. The elk are still with us. I can hear them browsing in the dark; pausing with my flashlight I fill the night with dozens of glowing green globes. A few coyotes investigate our presence or, more precisely, investigate the beams we're cooking. We toss them strips of beef jerky, and they reward us with a commensurate yelp. The valley soon reverberates with a high, lonesome yodel.

It is still snowing, but the dense cloud cover has warmed the air to a viable 5° below. Fueling adventures, I strip to long underwear and socks before crawling into my bag. As an afterthought I pull in my boots, pants, a fuel cartridge for the stove and a canteen of



continued

water. Sleeping with these items is the only way to keep them from freezing, and I'd rather sleep in a lumpy bed than spend half an hour trying to jam my feet into frozen boots.

We awake the next morning as cramped and stiff as before, but this time the stiffness does not go away, it gets worse. Our muscles are as hard as wood and will not flex without pain. During the night my knees have swollen so drastically that pulling on my pants requires stubborn effort, and after we move out I begin to feel the grating of bone in my knees and hips. Our movement slows. Walking till dark on snow-packed hard by foraging animals we cover only

hind is now are the rolling gray meadows of Blacktail Deer Plateau. Looming somberly in our path are the Washburn Mountains, a few tight peaks on the lip of Yellowstone's Grand Canyon. Although it involves another serious climb, we must cross this range to reach the Central Plateau and Yellowstone Lake.

A north wind rises late in the day, pushing clouds that skid along the ground, filling every creek bottom and ravine and pouring through the passes around the mountains like rivers of smoke. Since our first night in the park we have been dogged by snow squalls, low cloud ceilings and poor visibility, but now I have the feeling that something serious is about to happen. There is a certain tension in the wind. A storm center is approaching. Already our path

is blocked by swirling drifts, and the new snow drives through the trees with a terrible fury.

Harnessed by stinging flakes that dodge through the darkness like swarms of hornets, we prepare camp near the base of Mount Washburn, four miles from Dunsmuir Pass. The wind is pounding much harder than before. Snow whirs through the night, and the wild gyrations of the trees paint silver trails on the black cloud bottoms. Too tired after our climb to cook dinner, we settle for jerky and a frozen brick of cheese and



seven miles. High adventure, I'm beginning to realize, is not synonymous with fun.

We had planned to ford the Yellowstone River pioneer fashion at the ancient crossing on the old Bannock Indian trail, but the trail is lost somewhere under eight feet of snow, and we prudently consider the alternatives before attempting to negotiate an unknown stretch of water. We cross instead the bridge near Tower Falls and head south along the spectacular river gorge. Be-

use the last of our water to make lemonade. I sleep restlessly, my body so cramped and twisted that I am unable to stretch full length.

Sometime before dawn the wind accelerates to gale force, and we are jerked awake by the powerful sound of trees smashing together. Moments later our plastic roof shers its casual undulation and begins snapping violently with hideous shotgun reports. It tears loose finally with a wrench that snaps its nylon anchors and sails off through the trees

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ble is pure but, Unobstructed, stroking tendrils of snow pour into our sleeping pit, burying our gear and us. In less time than it takes to struggle out of our bags the steady shelter is nothing more than a low place in an ever-expanding drift. We load our packs, hunching in the dark for stray equipment. On the verge of physical collapse and without water, we head into the storm.

The air is so laden with wind-whipped snow that the storm when it arrives is hardly more than a glow and does nothing to improve visibility. All sense of the horizontal has vanished; our vision is so restricted I cannot see my feet.

The wind screams beyond the pass, pushing the snow into grotesque drifts that rise head high around us; as the hillside gets steeper our route becomes an embankment course. Drifts must be hauled on like moving walls—we breast them like surf. This is exhausting, especially as our weakened, dehydrated state; pain occupies every fragment of our consciousness. My brain is filled with music, forgotten songs, the top 10 of 1983, a little Wagner, drum rolls, insane lyrics: all pain, pulsing pain, rhythmic pain, like some manicured dream—torment to your favorite tune.

We crawl, turn to the right, enter the barren hillside and the wind slams us with such violence that balance becomes impossible. We tilt backward, tumbling head over heels. There are no handholds; no up, no down. Our packs wrestle as like living opponents. The wind fills my mouth and throat with snow and blisters my lips. My lungs ache from sucking the air. An icy crust is forming on my cheeks and nose despite the protection of a face mask, and my feet have begun to burn with the sharp intensity of an open wound—frostbite, no doubt about that, but there is nothing I can do about it until we camp.

Exhaustion soothes me like a bullet. It erases in equal proportion pain and will. The urge to stop is overpowering. The roar of the wind becomes a soporific melody. Arctic explorers may well have laid down in the snow to die. After fighting this blizzard I actually look forward to falling because it allows me a single moment of rest while buried in a drift. Once down I fight the urge to roll back and sleep, but Sears is wise to me. If I don't get up immediately he begins thrashing me with the tip of his snow shoe.

When pain and fatigue have all but blotted out the storm, an avalanche supplies a shot of adrenaline. We have just crossed a steep couloir near the end of the pass when a cornice the size of a house, lights loose from its mooring and roars through the narrow channel into the valley below. Above the wind we catch sight of trees snapping like matchsticks, then the rumble dies and there is only the storm.

Sears and I are suddenly fueled by a mechanical energy that supports us far beyond the natural limits of endurance. Girded thing, too. Not only am I bent weary, but the pain in my feet is rapidly moving to a dead, hollow feeling. Not a good sign; I won't be able to walk much farther.

We breach the pass in the middle of the night, having traveled slightly less than four miles in the last 15 hours. In the lee of a hillside on the least slide-prone slope we can find in the dark, we dig a shallow snow cave and crawl in. But before we can sleep, unpleasant rituals must be performed. Mark removes his boots and socks and plants his feet in his attempts. In turn I place my foot in his. My toes are chalk white and vick as glass, and fit. Blackened normally are best in this condition; they hold the pools of frozen blood. After five minutes the first flushes of pain slice through the numbness, and moments later my toes feel as though they are filled with acid. Massages follow, until the circulation improves and the threat of gangrene is no longer imminent. My toenails are gone. They fall off as easily as pennies off a sidewalk.

We sleep as if dragged for the rest 30 hours and still feel the need for rest, but the sagging roof of the snow cave encourages a hasty departure, and there is no point in procrastinating with 20 tons of snow suspended eight inches above our noses. Before we leave I cook up some macaroni and cheese, our first hot meal in four days—and we gorge ourselves with water. No meal ever tasted better. The scene is plausible once more.

Outside, the snow has stopped and the wind is down, but the sky still looks ominous. Will it rain again? I don't know. I don't want to know. In the South that blow would be called a hurricane, easily. What is the wind-chill fac-

tor with a 50-mph wind and an actual temperature of 10° below? Severely below, maybe? Lightly? I'm not entirely certain that I could survive another blizzard; I almost didn't make it through the last one. The circulation in my feet is very poor, and I am painfully reminded with every jarring step that my toenails are gone. I can feel the blood congealing in my socks. I can still walk, but not far or fast. Mark, to my utter amazement, has escaped serious frost injury, but he has somehow damaged both his hip joints, rather severely I think. His movements are accompanied by a creaking, shuddery noise, like someone crushing handfuls of soda crackers.

It is snowing again as we approach Yellowstone Canyon, but there is no wind and the sky is soft and white. We walk through pine groves and across the plain, following as closely as possible the grand tour of the Lower Falls, and emerge from the trees on the north rim of the chasm. At this point the plateau drops abruptly 1,500 feet into the foaming's elbow of the Snake River. The colorful canyon walls are lined with massive spires of volcanic rock, and here and there a puff of steam and a dot of green against the snow will mark the location of a belching fumarole. At the head of the canyon a mile to the south the Yellowstone River plunges 300 feet into the steep, forested gorge. We ascend one of the ribs of the falls because a wall of ice, maybe 90 feet thick, rises out of the river to half the height of the cascade. Enormous icicles hang from the cliff beside the falls, and it is difficult to determine from our distant vantage point where the ice ends and the falls begin. The torrent seems stationary, frozen in space, with only the terrible order to suggest differently.

On a very narrow gissade of rock that extends farther than the others from the canyon rim, we dig a snow cave. We could, should, travel on and try to make up lost time, but there is something powerfully attractive about this place, something almost supernatural. When night comes we build a fire on the edge and watch enraptured as the glowing red embers curl off our tower on a quarter-mile free fall into the abyss. It is an odd, not entirely pleasant, sensation to stare down into space, more so here than anywhere I've ever known. The Indians believed this exotic labyrinth was inhabited by animistic spirits, and I don't doubt it. I feel drawn to the cen-

tor of the earth, beckoned by streams, taunted by waterfalls. We show the last of our wood on the fire, and when it is burning brightly kick the flaming brands over the brink . . . flashes of red on the

canyon walls, the silver snow and for one instant the sparkle of the river. An offering.

We follow the river above the falls where it winds through the hills to Hay-

den Valley. It is the meadows that are open for a long way to the west the snow is packed hard by the wind, and the walking is easy if we stay on the crests of the drifts. The dislocation of our abundant injuries is serious, but not intolerable as long as our movements are simple and regular. Consequently, we are making an inspired effort to keep them simple and regular.

The valley that we enter is a wide, rolling plain open to the horizons except for a few scattered stands of pine. A large herd of buffalo, perhaps a hundred antelope, graze in a tight formation near the river. Another, smaller, herd is plowing their abreast over a hill-top on the south shore of Akien Creek; the lead bulls are buried to their throats in snow. We see one other animal, an enormous otter, dragging a spirited moose out of the river onto a snowbank. A moment later there is only a tiny scarlet splotch where both had been.

Waterfowl are the most numerous living things in the valley. We round a bend in the river and are hit by a quacking, flapping explosion of geese, ducks and moose, thousands of birds. They struggle frantically for altitude, make one wide-sweeping parabola and land once more on the same stretch of water they occupied before our intrusion. Birds of prey replace the wind as our companion noise; I could follow the river blindfolded.

In the afternoon the wind rips holes in the clouds, admitting ribbons of yellow light that float across the valley floor, illuminating patches of frozen marsh. A bald eagle soars against the sky, then banks with a flash into a column of sunlight and out again. He is a rebel; all of his kin migrated months ago, and his aerobatics don't resemble any hunting maneuvers that I've ever seen. It looks as if he's flying for fun.

Blowing steam rises out of the timber south of the valley, creasing in the bitter air to form a dome of ice crystals that hovers ridge-like above the tallest trees. The pungent odor of hydrogen sulfide drifts through the air. As we move closer we wade through an eerie ground fog that floats in the forest, hiding the source of unconsumable subterranean explosions. We camp on warm and barren ground near a lake of boiling mud, a thermal feature typical of the area. At our camp the temperature six inches off the ground is 35°. Fifty

—continued—



The field trip, begun at Cooke City, could have ended at Mount Washburn when a cruel blizzard washed both away, but they labored on to Jackson Hole, 11 days away.



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Continued

feet into the snow is five feet deep and the temperature is 5° below zero.

In this bubble of warmth formed by the boiling pools and fumaroles are swarms of flies and gnats and green plants growing in profusion. Algae stain the hot pools with vibrant colors, reds, blues, and oranges, that contrast sharply with the snow, and ghostly frost-covered trees, like the real volcanoes like pieces of sculpture. The earth rumbles, gasps. Tongues of sulfur explode into the air. This is a weird, unnatural place, gruesome in the half-light of winter. Walking here, you have the feeling that you are witnessing the formation of the earth.

It takes another full day to walk the seven miles to Yellowstone Lake. Warm chimneys blowing down the eastern slope of the Continental Divide have made the surface snow wet and sticky. It grips our web sensuously, forcing a painful, jerking stride. Our injured bodies perform with reluctance.

This huge mountain lake is not frozen, as we had hoped; we could have shortened our route by 20 miles by crossing the ice. We have arrived a few weeks too soon, and are greeted by shaggy gray surf. With Jackson still 90 miles away, we must begin exercising a degree of economy in preparing meals. We are almost a week behind our projected schedule, and have full rations for only three more days.

Wind coming off the lake forces us inland, and it is almost two days before we reach Geyser Basin in West Thumb. We camp on the lakeshore in the heart of the thermal activity, taking advantage of the open water for cooking and drinking. This is forbidden land, according to park regulations, just as the mud volcano region had been, but the ground here is warm and we are cold. I am prepared to risk the wrath of the National Park Service. We are ordered to sleep by the bark of geysers and another more soothing melody, a divine song, song to run on the lake, and compelling. I have never heard anything like it and haven't the slightest idea what it might be.

We wake to a different and hideous sound, a snowmobile. The trail that passes through West Thumb to Old Faithful 20 miles to the west, although now plowed in the winter, is open to snow machines. Park records indicate that it is heavily used. Fine with me, there is nothing I want to see along that

road, anyway. We move east to get away from the noise.

North of Heart Lake we cross the Continental Divide, jubilant with the knowledge that from this point it will be downhill all the way to Jackson. With an east wind ahead, we are certain after a week of senescent doubt that we will not have to surrender our racked and weary bodies to the ranger at South Entrance of Yellowstone. Despite the storms, the frostbite and a weight loss of 20 pounds, we are now convinced that we can finish the journey as planned. A cause for celebration. We indulge ourselves with a few mouthfuls of slushy wine, even alcohol fizzes.

To avoid fording the Snake River we move west around Mount Sheridan to the Lewis River Canyon. Here, where a bridge spans the gorge, we encounter a six-passenger snow coach that has plowed head on into a drift. The engine grinds, the tracks spin and the machine begins to sink into the snow. Stuck. They have a radio, they will just have to get someone to come pull them out.

Rather than object at this unexpected confrontation, we are repelled. It is like finding hordes of strangers in your favorite fishing hole. For no good reason I can think of, these people don't belong here. I resent their presence.

We move to avoid the stranded vehicle, but are stopped dead when a female head pops from a porthole in the roof yelling, "Harry, Harry, Harry!" A bald head begins to emerge, but in her excitement the lady begins slapping frantically, first on the roof and then on the bald head, which quickly withdraws.

"Oh, oh, oh, ah, ah," the lady goes on, "you've come to get us. They've come to get us, Harry, Harry!" The Nikon camera that dangles from her neck, without a lens cap, begins to bang with horrible percussion against the porthole. I can see the scratches from 10 feet away, and begin to hate that woman with a passion that can only be comprehended by a poor man who happens to fancy cameras. Stearns, fortunately, is able to handle the situation with a modicum of tact.

He apologizes. He says, "I'm sorry," and we turn and leave; the Nikon lady yelling, "Wait, wait, we're just passing. We're just passing. We're just passing." Our mood is a foul one, familiar to Ngos and other rabble.

The four-day trip down the western slope of the Divide through the Teton Mountains is sadly anticlimactic. After the incident in Lewis Canyon we never regain the sense of isolation that separated us for so long from the common lot of sightseers. Grand Teton National Park is simply too accessible and too crowded for my taste. The valley floor has been slashed by highways. Tourist resorts operate near Jackson, much of the park is open to snow machines and every lakeshore and aspen grove seems to be inhabited by a party of cross-country skiers. If local promoters have their way a new, bigger, noisier airport will be built across this valley to permit an even greater influx of people, and after that, more hotels to house the travelers, more restaurants to feed them, more rental cars, more gas stations, more subdivisions for folk who wish to stay.

We arrive at Ferry Lake in the middle of a snow squall, and the mountains, although less than a mile away, are hidden by clouds. Strangely, I can feel their presence even without being able to see them. Skulking lake animals hide our camp on the lakeshore, hoping it will be missed by the patrolling rangers—neither of us could pay the fine for illegal camping. Over a frequently dozed fire we prepare the last of our rations: a single envelope of oatmeal and half a pot of tea. We do not bother with a shelter, we are much too tired. We just unroll the sleeping bags in the snow and crawl in. Sleep these days is never far away.

Morning, our last day. The storm has passed, the sun rises. The Teton looms with the cold asseverity of an ancient rain. We pack the gear slowly and tramp off toward the trail that leads from Moose Park to Teton Village. The pines thin in the river bottom and are replaced by gorges of silver-barked aspen; the sun plays on the snow through the burn-red branches. Near Phelps Lake we catch a last glimpse of the Grand Teton before it passes behind a shoulder of rock. From this crag the wind drives planes of snow into purple space where they hang soft and distant like the sails of a phantom clipper. A few ending, grand and glorious.

We reach the village after dark, guided in the final stretch by the multi-colored beacons which adorn a tiny spruce tree in front of the hotel. It is Christmas night.

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19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

ROBERTO

Sirs:

It was with great disappointment that I read the solemn recognition of what has to be one of the most tragic occurrences of modern baseball. Your coverage of the death of Roberto Clemente (*Clemente*, Jan. 15) does very little to convey the essence and personality of one who without a doubt must be classified among the top five players of the past 20 years.

Those of us who follow baseball and sports in general are continually disheartened by the misguided priorities of many of those who either direct or participate in sports today. If there were a sane exception to what is becoming an unfortunate rule, it was Clemente. The records and awards that he compiled during his career will serve as testimony to his excellence and exceptional skill as a baseball player. However, it would not be doing him justice to allow your description of him to be the sole testimony registered in tribute to his excellence as a human being.

Certainly he was a proud man, and he had every right to be. The level of stardom he achieved, given his very humble beginnings, serves as an inspiration to young aspiring ballplayers in Puerto Rico and the countries of Latin America. But you make no mention of his works as a humanitarian, despite the fact that the circumstances surrounding his death provided all the evidence that you would need to acknowledge how intense his desire was to help his fellow man.

The real tragedy in the death of Roberto Clemente was in the loss not of a man who had accomplished so much, but of a man who had so much yet to do. His dream for the youth of Puerto Rico, cradled in deep poverty, a sports city for the underprivileged youth of the island, was still in its infancy. Hopefully, the cornerstone that he laid will be expanded upon as a fitting memorial to one of his lifelong ideals.

There are only some of the things that reflect the true personality and nature of the ballplayer named Roberto Clemente. These, along with his four batting titles, 10 Golden Glove awards, Most Valuable Player awards for both a season and a World Series, a .317 lifetime batting average and a competitive drive that made him a source of inspiration to all who played with him, are the factors that made him the outstanding man he was.

It is indeed unfortunate that even after his death you have not deemed it suitable to give Roberto Clemente the recognition that he deserved but never truly received during his years as a professional athlete.

LOREN A. MARTINEZ

Gainesville, Fla.

Sirs:

I loved Roberto Clemente and I am still sick with the knowledge of his death. My sadness worsened after I glanced through your Jan. 15 issue. I truly believed that *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* would pay just tribute to one of the greatest athletes and men in sports on the occasion of his untimely and tragic death. You did not. Maybe enough has already been said, but not by you. As tall as Roberto stood in sports, I believe it was your obligation as the king of sports magazines to honor him in a way that would make your readers fully aware of our genuine loss of a superstar. Your magazine has always been a winner, but this time you lost.

FRANK J. BOCH III

North Irwin, Pa.

SUPER INSIGHT

Sirs:

It was with great relief that I read Tex Maule's preview of Super Bowl VII (it's the *Top-of-the-Mat Game*, Jan. 15). I had nearly begun to believe all that "Washington by three points" talk when along came Tex and his Washington by 10 and possibly by 25 prediction and I knew Maule was a shrew. Maule is on fighting the old AFL-NFL war, and he refuses to accept any old AFL teams on a par with his sacred NFL.

I am sure that Tex, had he been around, would have picked Golafr in three months. Napoleon in one at Waterloo, Caesar because of his determination at the Little Big Horn, and Dewey in a landslide in '48.

Love and kisses and all that part to Tex, who consistently restores one's faith in the fallibility of man.

LEO T. KINSMITH

Denver

Sirs:

I would like to sincerely thank *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* and its current pro football expert, Tex Maule, for serving a dilemma for me. Going into Super Bowl VII I wasn't quite sure which team to cheer for. I had a soft spot in my heart for the AFC Dolphins (after all, I grew up along with the old AFL), but I also liked the fascinating Washington Over-the-Hill Gang.

Then it happened. Mr. Maule made his much-awaited annual prediction: "Washington should win Super Bowl VII by at least 38 points and perhaps by as many as 21." There it was again—that lingering NFL superiority syndrome.

Immediately I became a bloodthirsty AFL fan. I mean, hadn't the man heard? Or did he just choose to forget about the '88 Jets and '89 Chiefs and what they did to the cream of the NFL crop? Hadn't the AFC

really won the '72 season series from the NFC? Was Curt Gowdy lying to me?

Thank you, Mr. Maule. You made my Super Sunday complex by once again postulating a theory that belongs in a museum with all of the other relics.

PIRE CULANDRA

Terawanda, N.Y.

Sirs:

Tex Maule should cut not only his words but the whole Jan. 15 issue! Then he should be assigned to cover penguin burning in the Antarctic.

DAN SHOOT

Tallahassee, Fla.

Sirs:

I wish I were Tex Maule's bootie.

JOE FRY

New Orleans

RACING'S FUTURE

Sirs:

If only racetrack operators and state politicians would pay heed to the article *A Look at the Old Gray Mare* (Jan. 15) by Frank E. Klose, racing would have a good chance of being represented to its former prominence in sports.

Mr. Klose's piece contains more wisdom concerning the ills of racing and possible cures than anything I have read in 30 years' association with the sport.

The thoughtful racing organizations should send copies of this article to every state legislator and every state racing commissioner in the U.S.

REINHARD STONE-BLIVEN

Goldsack, N.J.

BALLOONISTS

Sirs:

The article *Up, Up and Away* (Jan. 15) by Jeanette Bence reminded me of a quotation from Ralph Upton, a respected balloonist of about half a century ago. Upton wrote: "A free balloon is so safe that it is almost foolproof. It would require more than an ordinary fool to turn himself in one without purposely taking chances."

None of the balloon syndicates that I have visited contradict this statement, and the accident so lightly described in your article seems no exception. I comment on the basis of some experience as a balloon pilot instructor, a Federal Aviation Administration designated balloon pilot examiner, a member of the board of directors of the Balloon Federation of America, the recent editor of *Balloonist*, to which Miss Bruce so often refers, and as the U.S. national hot-air balloon champion pilot.

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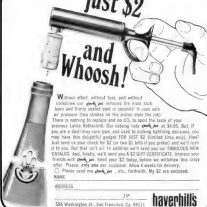
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18TH HOLE *continued*

sensible and responsible, but sadly we read in your magazine of some exceptions.

BRUCE COMBETT

Ann Arbor, Mich.

Sirs:

I would like to thank Jeannette Bruce for her excellent article. The spirit of her story was marvelous, and she tells it like it is, so to speak, explaining what ballooning is all about.

Granted ballooning has its serenity, but she has exploded the myth that ballooning is all serenity, and only an inexperienced balloonist could disagree.

Undoubtedly you will receive letters from those self-righteous and self-appointed experts on ballooning who are more interested in their ego than in the sport. They will bombard you with meaningless credentials so as to denigrate Miss Bruce's efforts.

My own opinion is that this is not only the most entertaining story so far on ballooning but also the most informative.

ROBERT L. WALLGAUND

International Professional

Balloon Pilot Racing Association

Princeton, N.J.

Sirs:

I read with personal interest of Jeannette Bruce's balloon experiences. The day I read the article I had just completed my fifth hour of flight training in a Picaud AX-6, the better rival of the craft she took her lessons in, the Raven. I dispute what she has been told about the wicker basket, as I assure you I would now be in the hospital if it were not for the forgiveness of the Picaud basket bouncing around in these frozen farm fields. Believe me, they do not crumble. We hit a farm implement (a disc harrow) the other day at about 15 mph on a touch and go and I have only a few bruises—not to mention a bruised ego—to show for it. Here's hoping we both have smoother landings.

JOHN R. HAGER

Pilot

Park City Merchants Association

Lancaster, Pa.

Sirs:

Jeannette Bruce's account of the latest episode in her quest of the infrequently attempted can only be described as a masterpiece. *Up, Up and Away* rates with her *Monte Carlo Trek* or *That June 7, 1971* as an all classic. No author I have read captures and expands the struggle of the individual to accomplish the unusual, without the proverbial red tape for 34 states, like that flapping balloonist mountaineer, etc. Keep 'em coming, Jeannette. We of the lion hearts (and chicken livers) have to identify with someone.

DAVID COBB

Pompano Beach, R.I.

continued

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1978 HOLE continued

ALL-AMERICAN SOCCER

Sinc:

Congratulations to Joe Jans for his superb article on the NCAA soccer finals (*No-Body Kix Kix Like a Billion*, Jan. 8). His comments on the UCLA (individualism) and St. Louis (team effort) soccer squads typify the glaring difference between foreign and American players. It seems only fitting that the national champ should be a truly all-American team.

RICHARD H. MUNSON

Bhaer, N.Y.

Sinc:

As a longtime subscriber and reader of SI, I had often wondered at your annual disregard for the impressive record compiled by the St. Louis University soccer team. Its dominance of collegiate soccer for almost 15 years must compare favorably with the UCLA basketball performance.

A year ago, when SI did give recognition to Howard University's victory in the NCAA championship, I felt that the slight to the Billikens was almost unforgivable. Thank you for finally honoring St. Louis and its soccer heritage. Please continue coverage of at least the championship in the future; it's a nice change of pace from football.

DAVID W. BANCIE

La Crosse, Wis.

Sinc:

The headline on your story should have read *Nobody Kix Kix Like a Billion*, Except a Southern Illinois University for Edwardsville Cougar. The Cougars, the soccer team to beat on the East side of the Gateway Arch, also won their NCAA title (College Division), SIU-E, coached by U.S. Olympic Soccer Coach Bob Guelker, also met the Bills at Busch Memorial Stadium before a crowd more than twice the size of the one that turned out for the NCAA finals in Miami. The St. Louis press gave the game to Southern Illinois, even though the referees disallowed two Cougar goals resulting in a 1-1 tie.

By winning the College Division championship, Bob Guelker became the only soccer coach who will ever win both the College and University division titles the first year either was held the did it in 1959 when he was coach at St. Louis U.). It seems a shame that when two teams are so equal in ability, so geographically close (both using St. Louis area talent) and both won their NCAA championships, only one wins recognition from SPORTS ILLUSTRATED.

JACK KLOBERAK

Edwardsville, Ill.

Add an editorial note to SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10038.



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In fact, sometimes different is better.

Sometimes different is better.



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av. per cigarette, FTC Report Aug. 72.